JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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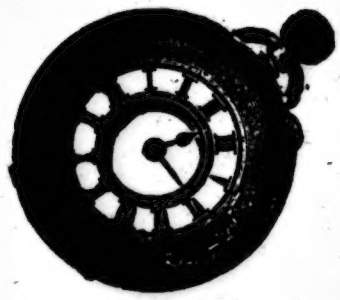

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No. 10. Saturday, August 11th., 1906. One Penny.

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AWARD NO. 21.

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MISS MARIE CORELLI
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

and after gazing at her photograph which graces the work, we have instructed our baker to turn out a particularly sweet one.

AWARD NO. 22.

For reviving the Ancient Order of Marriage Broker

LADY FAWCETT AND MR. EDWARD DUNNE
TAKE THE BISCUIT,

Lady Fawcett as to two thirds, and Mr. Dunne as to one third, with a small bite for Mrs. Sutherst.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

At last the Session is over. It is true that, technically, Parliament stands adjourned till the autumn, but we have had the normal six months of legislation—and with what result? A story is told of an eminent scholar who, visiting one of the seats of ancient learning, was shown the hall in which sapient doctors had sat and argued for ages, when he somewhat surprised the guide by asking, "And what have they settled?"

What have *we* settled? The Education question? Never was it more involved. Social Reform? The Government has given its "sympathy" to Old Age Pensions, the Feeding of Poor Children, the Payment of Members, and a variety of other things—but asks for time. Trades Disputes and Workmen's Compensation? These stand over till the autumn. Taxation—a penny off tea, for the benefit of the tea merchant; abolition of the export coal duty, for the benefit of the foreign consumer; "stripped" tobacco, for nobody's benefit; income tax and everything else remaining as it was before. Chinese slavery? More coolies on the Rand than at any previous time.

And with such a record the Government must, forsooth, in the last days of the Session resort to what we ventured to describe in the House as "the sad expedient of a desperate and disappointed woman, in adopting the stray children of other parents." Thus, we have had a Musical Copyright Bill, which scarcely anybody cares about, and which, as finally passed, leaves matters very much as they were before; and an abortive attempt to rush a Street Betting Bill.

We use the term "abortive" advisedly. Never was a Government more hopelessly misled by puritanical meddlesomeness. A couple of deputations to the Home Secretary, consisting of Bishops and various other goody-goodies—not one of them having the remotest practical knowledge of the subject—and the thing was done. At least, it was begun. Lord Davey's "annual," which, in view of its invariable fate, cannot be called "hardy"—was taken under the official wing, on the assumption that nobody would take the trouble to analyse it, and that, ere the House adjourned, the Government would be able to point to at least one

measure of "social reform." Without any consideration, the Bill was put down for second reading, only to be riddled in merciless manner by friends and foes alike, with the result that, despite the announcement of the Home Secretary that the Government intended to pass it into law before the adjournment of the House, it has now disappeared from the paper, and will not be heard of again, if at all, till the Autumn Session. We predict it will then be dropped.

No one desires to encourage street betting, but it is a thousand times better that the working man, desirous of "backing his fancy," should do so under existing conditions, rather than that all betting should be driven indoors and out of sight, and that a vast army of amateur bookmakers should be brought into existence throughout the workshops and factories of the country. Betting with women and with young children should, of course, be suppressed. Everyone would be prepared to help with this object in view. But to say that a man may not put a shilling on a horse race with a bookmaker in the street, but may do so to his heart's content in the workshop and elsewhere—and to say, further (as this Bill did), that betting on racecourses "and adjacent thereto," with working men, women, and children and anyone else, is to be expressly rendered exempt from interference—well, there are all the elements of a mixed opposition sufficient to ensure the defeat of the measure.

The clause exempting racecourses was inserted as the only condition upon which the House of Lords, where the Bill originated, would consent to it. For what care the noble peers about the working man and his bets, provided they themselves are left free to do as they like? They did not, however, reckon with the "Nonconformist conscience."

Thus, the Government found itself in a double dilemma. If they omitted the racecourse clause, they knew the Bill would be thrown out when sent back to the Lords. If they retained it, they alienated the vast majority of their supporters. The result was, that in the first division on the clause, its retention was carried by a majority of only eight; whilst, when the Bill comes up on report, it is certain that such majority will disappear. Hence the decision of the Home Secretary to postpone the further progress of the Bill. Peace to its memory.

Under the heading of "A Royal Commission on the Clergy," there is a most timely and amusing skit in the *Freethinker*. It is written by Mr. C. Cohen, one of the shining lights of the active, advanced agnostic party—the leader of which, since the death of Bradlaugh (if not, indeed, since some considerable period prior to that event) has been Mr. G. W. Foote. Mr. Foote is a man of brilliant parts, both as a writer and an orator, and had he selected a less unfashionable calling, the world would have heard more of him. We hope shortly to publish from his pen the Freethinker's View of the Education controversy; for, of course, freethinkers have views, just like all other rate and taxpayers. We reproduce portions of Mr. Cohen's article in another column.

By the way, here is a little story about Mr. Cohen. He had been lecturing upon the subject of a future life, and had been constantly interrupted by one of the audience. At the conclusion of the lecture this gentleman rose, and in solemn tones demanded, "Do you mean to say, sir, that when I am dead, I shall fade out altogether and never be heard of in any way again?" To which came the reply, "I sincerely hope so, sir"—a sentiment which seemed to meet with general favour.

Apropos of our recent reference to the advertisements of Temperance missionaries, our attention has been called to an announcement in the last number of the *Alliance News*, to the effect that Mr. Tennyson Smith "will arrive in Liverpool from America on Thursday, August 2, and will remain in this country until the end of October." He will be available during September and October to conduct Temperance missions "on his usual terms—namely, that the Committee take all collections towards meeting the local expenses, and Mr. Tennyson Smith accepts the gross proceeds of his Special Night as his remuneration—plus two guineas for travelling expenses, and provision of a home during his mission." Then comes this naïve condition: "Stipulations are made that the campaign is to be carried out in an enterprising manner." We are further told that "it is impossible to give any adequate idea of Mr. Tennyson Smith's power as a speaker." This may, or may not, be true, but one fact stands out pre-eminent. He is undoubtedly a first-class business man.

In these "Dog Days," when everyone is looking anxiously for a cool retreat from the worries and vexations of life, we do not think it fair that only readers of our contemporary *The Pelican* should have the benefit of the following advertisement:—

PANACEA FOR PELICANS!

Pass-key to Pleasure's Portal can be gained by any Mortal who joins the select, seductive coterie of the spirituelle Enchantress, ARMIDA (Carpe Diem Philosophy).

REFINED, NOVEL, FASCINATING ENTERPRISE! BOREDOM BANISHED!

WANTED, GALLANT PELICANS

To wire "Eyelashes, London," and pay reply.

Sign telegrams "Rinaldo."

Interview by appointment only 3 to 10 daily.

Sundays also.

We ventured to wire "Eyelashes, London," for further particulars, and in reply received the following message:—

Preliminary interview, guinea. Wire appointment, 16, Springfield Road, St. John's Wood.—Eyelashes."

We were about to reply when the thunder and lightning commenced—which we took as a warning. We once knew a mine manager, who, on being questioned by an expert from England as to the number of ounces of gold which the mine yielded to the ton, replied "Come round the corner, where it never thunders or lightens, and I will tell you." Perhaps if any of our readers should follow this advertisement up, they will let us know how they get on.

The Chinese Labour cry is gradually dying out. We are far from satisfied, however, that the last has been heard of the matter. For instance, will Mr. Winston Churchill inform us what steps, if any, the Government has taken to satisfy itself that the terms of the contracts with the coolies in regard to their food have been complied with? From evidence before us, we are disposed to think that not much more than one-half of the stipulated rations are given out, and that the labourers are informed that anything else they want they must buy themselves. By the terms of the contracts, we believe, each labourer is entitled to at least 3lbs. of food per day. But here are the quantities supplied by one of the leading South African groups:—

1 oz. of beef.
12 oz. of rice.
1 oz. of vegetables.

Is it any wonder that coolies desert?

The *Winning Post*—which everybody nowadays reads, (when no one is looking) propounds the following conundrum to enable holiday makers to while away the weary hours:—

"Mary is 24 years old. Mary is twice as old as Anne was when Mary was as old as Anne is now. How old is Anne?"

Our summery contemporary is offering a copy of the *Winning Post Annual* for the solution of the problem. We think it would have been kinder to have guaranteed the services of the Official Solicitor to the Masters in Lunacy. We have not the slightest intention of endeavouring to work out Anne's age. It is quite enough for us that Mary is still only 24.

Judge Lumley-Smith has just held, in a case under the Workmen's Compensation Act, that a telephone pole is not a "building." Consequently, the family of an unfortunate workman, who had fallen from the top of the pole and broken his neck, not only lost the case, but had to pay the costs. Surely the authors of this absurd Act must themselves have been "up the pole." And they have most appropriately, had a fall.

By the time these lines are read, not only will Parliament have risen, but the Law Courts and vast army of barristers and others who live by them will have entered upon their holiday, so appropriately called the long vacation. And for nearly three months, for all practical purposes, the administration of justice, so far as the High Court is concerned, will be suspended. We suggest that a similar experiment should be tried with the London Stock Exchange, the Church, and other public institutions. We are convinced the world would go on much the same as usual—and we should be better friends all round.

A new terror has been added to life, for the common or garden bailiff appears to have turned detective also. Giving evidence in the Woodhead divorce case, last week, William Owen, "a man in possession" of a house where the respondent stayed, swore that he used to peep through a slit in her bedroom door, and that he saw things. What with Somerset House clerks acting as marriage-brokers, and "bums" watching over domestic proprieties, we shall have to limit the circle of our acquaintances very considerably in future, if we desire to live the simple and quiet life.

Isaac Crowe, a four-wheel-cab driver, on being charged at Marylebone with carrying an excessive number of passengers in his cab, explained that it was a wedding-party, that he started from the church with five passengers inside, but when he arrived at his destination he found one more. This *is* a hustling age! On the other hand, we learn that in Morecambe Winter Gardens a lioness has just given birth to four cubs, three being born two days after the first. The *Times* instalment system has reached even the Animal Kingdom.

William Bartlett, a young Metropolitan police-constable, has just been found guilty, at the Newington Sessions, of receiving property, the proceeds of a burglary committed by his sweetheart, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second division. And at Belfast Assizes another police-constable named Hugh Daly, who pleaded guilty to having received a gold watch and several small sums of money by false pretences, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

Here are two interesting police-court parallels:—

At West Ham Police-court William Rudd was sentenced to two months' hard labour for stealing two pieces of silk, a lace ruffle, and a silk scarf.

At Birmingham Charles Brown was sentenced to two months' hard labour for a brutal assault on his wife, whom he knocked down and kicked. Prosecutrix gave evidence with difficulty, her head being swathed in bandages.

The moral is plain. A wife's head is equal, in the eyes of the law, to "two pieces of silk, a lace ruffle, and a silk scarf"—just about the value of the bandages mentioned in the report.

We were passing the back entrance of Lyons' Piccadilly Popular Café the other day and were interested to observe a van load of frozen meat in process of unloading. Each carcass was carefully sewn up in canvas and was as stiff and stark as the Rock of Gibraltar. No doubt, after undergoing a thawing process the meat became most delectable, but it certainly was not appetising as we saw it. The reflection occurred to us that if imitation butter has to be labelled "margarine," why, in justice to English farmers, should not imported meat be ear-marked by a notification to the consumer?

One of our wise judges recently attributed conjugal infidelity to drink. "If there were no drink there would be no divorce," he mumbled. But excessive consumption of alcohol weakens human desires, and is the undoubted adversary of philoprogenitiveness. Take the contrary case, and observe the reproductive capacity of curates, who drink water, and rabbits, who drink nothing at all.

That is a novel, or rather, a heretical view which is expressed in the "Review," which maintains that what is wanted in Parliament is more obstructionists and fewer Bill promoters. Though we are in the legislating line of business ourselves, as competitors to the greater statesmen, we think there is much to be said for this shocking attitude of our contemporary. It would by no means be a bad thing, probably, if Parliament were to shut up, in both senses, for three years out of every six, and leave the affairs of the nation to those permanent officials of the various State departments who do so excellently well when Parliament is on the moors.

What would happen if Governments, even Liberal Governments, did not do their level best to prevent legislation as much as possible, we do not know. The theory of a Cabinet Minister is that nobody is entitled to legislate unless he draws a large salary from the pockets of John Bull, and hence the burning desire of every new member of Parliament to make a law of his own is quenched in waters of tribulation. We have never yet met an M.P. who had not a Bill in his pocket or a project up his sleeve for the better governance of his native land, while keeping a kindly eye on himself and everything that is his. Personally, our ambitions in the way of legislation are more or less confined to getting on the Statute-book laws which will compel people to leave other people alone. This is "a blessed work," as one of our spiritual brothers loves to say, for it makes all other legislators, salaried and unsalaried, quite superfluous.

It appears that the natural tendency of most Englishwomen is to "flop," and according to the interpretation of one of the ladies' papers, to flop is to "do their hair anyhow, to wear their largest boots, and don their loosest corsets." We do not pretend to an expert opinion, but as far as our observation goes, the number of floppers is exceedingly small. Small boots and high heels for large feet are the mode in every street, hair takes half the night to pull down and half the morning to put up, and more twenty-two inch waists find room in nineteen-inch corsets than at any previous period of human history. No, give the Englishwoman her due. She may flirt, but she does not flop.

The old oak furniture trade is usually fairly good in England, but it is now exceptionally busy turning out ancient treasures for modern American millionaires, the most popular article this season being the chair in which Charles I. sat during his trial. "Three thousand of these chairs," says a New York paper, "have been made and sold already." And we do not suppose for a moment that this exhausts the supply. It is one of the most copious pieces of old oak on this earth, and extremely beautiful. Charles himself quite lost his head over it.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

The Long Vacation.

To-day the Courts rise for the Long Vacation, and do not sit again for nearly ten weeks. Every year protest is made more or less forcibly against this prolonged holiday, but the leaders of the Bar are not anxious to shorten it, and the public seem to take no interest in the matter, though it seriously concerns many of them. It cannot be said that the state of the Lists warrants anything like a ten weeks' rest. It has rarely happened in recent times that the work of the Courts outside the Chancery Division has been more congested. For a short time during the present sittings three Courts of Appeal were sitting, but very little progress has been made in wiping off the heavy arrears. Over a dozen appeals from the King's Bench are still standing for hearing which were entered over a year ago. Nor is there any likelihood of these arrears being substantially reduced unless, and until, a third Court of Appeal sits permanently. In these days almost every decision is subject to the risk of appeal, and a very much larger number of cases are carried to the Appeal Courts than formerly. This is largely due to the modern system introduced by the Courts, without, by the way, express legislative authority, of allowing the successful appellants the cost of the appeal and of the decision appealed from. Formerly this was unknown, and so even when there was power to appeal it was seldom exercised, for the unsuccessful litigant knew that even if the appeal should be successful he would have to pay his own costs, and if it was unsuccessful the costs of his opponent also. Under the new system the gambling element is introduced, the stake constantly increases with successive appeals, and encouragement is given by one final effort to throw the whole costs on the hitherto successful party.

Costs on Appeal.

In his jottings recently published, Mr. Hollams refers to the effect this change in the matter of costs has had upon the number of appeals, and he strongly objects to the present system. In his opinion it is not unreasonable that a mistake made by the judge, or by the jury, should be treated as a common calamity. But there is a good deal to be said for the other point of view, namely, that it is right that the party decided to be in the wrong should bear the cost. Why, for example, should a suitor, who through no fault of his own has had the misfortune to have his case tried before one or other of three incompetent judges now upon the Bench, and through misdirection has lost where he ought to have won, be mulcted in the cost of the trial, even though when he goes to the Court of Appeal he gets the verdict set aside? Probably, as Mr. Hollams says, the present system induces solicitors to advise settlement out of Court in cases open to reasonable doubt, and where there is a powerful opponent, rather than risk appeal, almost certain to be made, from Court to Court.

Lord Justice Romer.

For some time past the rumour of Lord Justice Romer's resignation has been current, and recently it was repeated in very positive form. It is now, however, said with the appearance of authority, that not only does he not intend to resign, but that he will shortly be made a Law Lord. As there is no present vacancy in the higher Court, it is to be assumed that Lord MacNaughten is again thinking of retiring. These appointments to the higher Court carry a life peerage, the Court sits comparatively rarely, and the salary is £6,000 a year, so that they are very desirable positions, and a considerable improvement upon that of a Lord Justice, who works much harder, and gets £1,000 a year less. Lord Justice Romer is one of the ablest of the very able judges who now constitute, apart from the ex-officio members, the two Courts of Appeal. He cannot be said to be a silent judge like the Master of the Rolls, or Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, but he is a much less tantalizing interrupter than Lord Justice Vaughan-Williams, who is always interrupting, and must tax the patience of Counsel sorely. If the late Government had remained in office Mr. Justice Bigham would have had a good chance of the vacancy that would be created should Lord Justice Romer be promoted, but as things are he is not likely to be nominated.

Scotch Solicitors and the Law Society.

In our issue of July 7th we directed attention to the Law Society's action in prosecuting a Scotch solicitor for stating on his notepaper that he is a solicitor. It was shown in evidence that the defendant had not knowingly transgressed the law, and that he had not practised as a solicitor in England. Indeed the Law Society claimed no more than that the accused, Mr. McLaren, had committed a technical offence, "a technical contravention," as the magistrate described it. The result was a fine which, with costs, amounted to £11 8s. The sequel is now to be told. The fine was not paid, and Mr. McLaren was arrested and sent to Pentonville for fourteen days, where he was treated as an ordinary convict, having to pick his pound of oakum a day. As a protest against his treatment Mr. McLaren had decided to go to jail rather than pay the fine and costs, but private affairs requiring him to be at liberty after five or six days' detention, he paid the balance due, amounting to £6 1s. 10d. One would have thought that the magistrate would have been content to inflict a nominal penalty, and that at least if the penalty inflicted was not paid Mr. McLaren would have been treated as a first-class misdemeanant. Instead he was treated as if he was an ordinary criminal. The action of the Law Society is the more remarkable, seeing that the day prior to the case being tried the Law Society's representative informed Mr. McLaren that if he paid the costs incurred, "which might be £5, or £10, or perhaps more," the prosecution would be dropped. Mr. McLaren refused the offer, and the case was heard next day. The whole action of the Law Society in this matter seems to have been harsh and inconsiderate. Instead of prosecuting for merely nominal offences we suggest that they should overhaul the solicitors' roll, and take in hand some of the many cases where solicitors are known to be acting, openly and without shame, in a way derogatory to a great profession.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

J. R. (Swanage).—You cannot avoid the duty. It must be paid.

Nay (Focabers).—The contract was made in England; you must enforce it here.

F. (Wareham).—There has been a fraudulent warranty given. You are entitled to recover damages.

William (Burton).—The letter has revived the debt, and you had better issue a plaint at once in the county-court.

Park (Doncaster).—The result of the transaction is without doubt a partnership, and the ordinary partnership rules apply.

A. S. (Tufnell Park).—Take proceedings to redeem the mortgage without delay, and apply to have the threatened sale restrained.

G. B. (Martinstown).—You should take out letters patent to protect what seems a very valuable invention. Consult a patent agent.

McG. (Ross).—We have looked through the further papers you have sent us. They do not assist you. We can advise no steps being taken.

J. (Evesham).—You cannot deduct the claim from the rent. If he declines to allow a settlement by deduction you must sue him for your claim.

R. (Peterborough).—There seems to have been malice, and the statements were slanderous. The occasion was not privileged. Issue a writ.

Baillie (Manchester).—We have made special inquiries, and find the facts are as you stated them. You can recover your investment if you proceed at once.

H. (Longbridge).—The pawnbroker is bound to restore the jewellery to the rightful owner, and the magistrate will order that to be done when the case is heard.

Kate (Wimborne).—You can, on proof of service of the necessary notice and non-compliance with it, get an order from the magistrates for recovery of possession.

Cameron (Nelson).—Apply to the Court at once to have the register of members corrected by expunging your name from it. You will, without doubt, be successful.

R. C. (Cheltenham).—Apply by petition, of course, to have the charges taxed by a Taxing Master. All matters of accounts between you can at the same time be gone into.

George (Manchester).—The terms of the deed creating the annuity are a complete safeguard against it being touched by the creditors. The cessor clauses are valid.

L. (Stoke Newington).—The mother is the guardian by virtue of the Guardianship of Infants' Act. She cannot be displaced for the reasons you mention. They are not strong enough.

A. H. (Bridport).—You can proceed for trespass, but the case is really trivial, the action would be expensive, and there does not appear to be any actual damage, or any likely repetition of the wrongful act.

McD. (Hornsey).—Judging from the facts you state, the motor-car driver was in the wrong, and should have given way. Had he done so, no accident would have occurred. Try and come to some friendly settlement. There are so many of these motor-car cases in the courts.

THE TRANSVAAL'S MAGNA CHARTA.

Our Yellow Press must feel somewhat small by this time, for the howls of execration which it emitted, last week, when the Government's proposal for a Transvaal Constitution was made public, have found no sort of an echo in the Colony directly affected by its terms. Here we have been regaled with flaring headlines: "Another Majuba," "Britishers Betrayed," "Disintegration of the Empire," and so forth. From the seat of "the betrayed Colony" we hear that our countrymen are satisfied with what we have given them, and that they intend to loyally work out their own salvation on the lines we have imposed.

And why should not they do so? Given an unnecessary war, the sacrifice of precious lives and treasure, a treaty of peace, and in consequence many conflicting interests confided to our care, it was impossible to expect that the Imperial Government in Liberal hands could deliberately draw up a new Constitution which favoured any one clique. On paper, the Transvaal's Charter should satisfy all but the extremists on both sides. No Liberal Government would consent to favour one party over another, a proceeding which could only tend to inflame and perpetuate the race-hatred engendered by recent conflicts in the field. In actual working the Constitution will necessarily give a preponderance of power to either the British or Boer factions; if the balance work out in favour of the former so much the better, if in favour of the latter, well, the end of the British Empire, or even the loss of the Transvaal Colony, will still not be accomplished.

For good or ill, the die has been cast, and we must await with patience the result. The Body Politic of the Transvaal has undergone a severe surgical operation; the patient has been fitted with a robust constitution, and it will be our duty to see that it is not abused. The best course for both parties to pursue for the moment is to give the people the complete rest they stand in need of. Let them devote their energies, the one portion to working the mineral resources of the country for the benefit of those who have invested their money in them, and the other to return to its agricultural pursuits and exchange the sword for the plough-share.

Those who have been clamouring for British preponderance in the Legislative Councils of the Transvaal are now able to ensure this result by voluntarily abolishing Chinese labour in the mines and giving more employment to Whites. Even if dividends should fall off for a time surely their much-vaunted patriotism will urge them to this sacrifice, in order to secure the return of a British majority in the councils of that Colony!

Coming now from the political to the financial aspect of the matter, we cannot help thinking but that the bold decision taken by the Government to introduce responsible government into the Colony, without first venturing upon a period of probation in the form of representative government, will, as Lord Elgin pointed out the other night, make for nothing but good. An interim Government produces unrest, uncertainty, and, what is worse, intrigue; and in a country like South Africa, embroiled as it has been for years in political cross-currents, this would be more fatal to a complete recovery from the ravages of the late war and its after-effects than even a faulty Constitution, which in time may be amended, as its political needs require. The unrest and uncertainty from which the Colony has suffered for the past three years have now been removed, and those whose interests are bound up with it know the best and the worst which they will have to face for the next year or two.

This being the case, we reiterate our hopes that one and all will sink their personal predilections, submit cheerfully to the inevitable, regard the subject as a *chose jugée*, and expend their energies in the direction of getting the best out of the country that it may have to offer, and thus justify the confidence we have placed in their good-sense and their loyalty to the Crown.

ANGRY ASSASSINS.

JOHN BULL has had many compliments, but the latest is the best. He has been abused by the Servian murderers. So has Mr. Vivian. The *New Hypocrite (Novi Pokret)* of Belgrade calls him a *nakaza*. We don't quite know what that means. Our Servian dictionary gives "abortion, monstrosity, ugly person." But a Servian friend says it is a very offensive expression, meaning an evil spirit which haunts churchyards at night; not, however, a vampire. Mr. Vivian should be glad of that, for a vampire is somewhat too suggestive of a Servian regicide.

The *New Hypocrite* also denounces the *Videlo (Light)* for "having vomited its delight" over Vivian's article on the Servian Shuffle. We are not surprised that the authors of a deed of darkness should hate the *Light*.

The Editor of the courageous paper (*Za Otadzhbinou*) which translated the article, is now being prosecuted for high treason. God grant him a safe deliverance.

The *Mali Journal*, another regicide organ, says that, if Vivian knew Servia better, he would not disapprove of the murders. He is, however, sufficiently well acquainted with the Servian people to know that they disapprove, and will soon exact vengeance.

In No. 6 of JOHN BULL Mr. Vivian gave "extracts from evidence which was taken at the time." This included a statement made by an assassin, named Vojislav Neshich, who boasted that he hewed off the fingers of the King and Queen. The regicide papers devote many columns to a refutation of this charge. They say that, on the day after the murders, Vivian called at the fortress and asked for proof that the Queen's sisters had not been killed. Accordingly (we are told) Neshich was told off to take Vivian to see them, orders being given that Vivian should not remain with them for more than five minutes. On the way Neshich may have conversed, but he denies having spoken about the fingers, and it is added that he is taciturn, speaks no English, and very little German. Besides, he was not in the Palace at the time of the murders. He was entrusted with *some other business* that night.

Therefore (regicide logic) Vivian's statements cannot be true, and his arguments against a renewal of diplomatic relations with a regicide government cannot convince. Q.E.D.

As a matter of fact, Vivian has not been to Belgrade since the murders. He hopes to go there after the execution of Peter and his friends. The account of Neshich's boasts was taken from the *Daily Telegraph*, and we believe even a correspondent before a murderer.

It may be, of course, that the murderer is telling the truth by accident. In that case, Vivian's argument is not weakened. The point is not whether a particular atrocity was committed by Neshich. The point is that unspeakable atrocities were committed by persons who now dominate the Servian Government, Army, and Court. With those persons the new British Minister will have to hobnob if he wishes to influence the powers that be.

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* may have mistaken Neshich for Vemich. Both are ugly names. Vemich (according to a recent issue of the opposition organ) drove his sword into the body of Queen Draga with many obscene gestures, cut off a portion of her womb, and exhibited it to his friends as a trophy. He is still in the Servian army ("the brave Servian army," as the regicides dubbed their friends), and we do not congratulate the British Minister on the prospect of shaking his bloody hand, eating with him, drinking with him, basking with him in the smiles of the usurper Peter Karageorgevich.

We shall shortly publish a succinct biography of the chief criminal, Alexander Mashin, who enjoys the distinction of having been the only murderer who was not drunk on the fatal night. Sir Edward Grey may be interested to know what "special services to the fatherland" earned that wild beast his retirement on full pay.

IN THE CITY.

The Outlook in Johannesburg.

The following extracts from a letter dated Johannesburg, July 9, may be read with interest :—

"My dear ———,

"Thanks for your letter. Yes, we are not exactly "flourishing at the present time, in fact very much the re- "verse. I am not a financial expert, but I have a few "ideas as to the causes of the depression, and the, I fear, "financial crisis which is fast approaching.

"A leading factor in my opinion, has been the great "shrinkage in the value of gold mine shares, which at "their present price only return in many cases from 7½ "per cent. to 12 per cent.; not over much considering the "nature of the security, and the great uncertainty as to "labour. The effect of this shrinkage on local share- "holders has naturally been disastrous.

"The inevitable slump in the value of merchandise "caused by huge over-stocking is another cause. Stores "with up-country trade have not been so badly hit, as the "demand for the class of goods that they supply is con- "stant; but those merchants who catered for a large and "increasing European population on the Rand are finding "the greatest difficulty in disposing of their stock owing "to the exodus that has taken place.

"Another cause bearing on the aforesaid exodus, is that "the energies of the big houses that control the mines are "devoted to working those mines which are on a paying "basis; very little development work is going on at the "present time. This policy, of course, dispenses with the "services of men who would be engaged in constructional "work, many of whom, finding their employment gone, "have left the country.

"Early in June I went round to the shipping agents' "office, and was informed that they could book no pas- "sengers by the Union-Castle and the White Star lines "until the August sailings, as all berths had been taken. "The latter company, as I daresay you know, carry only "one class.

"I met a farming friend the other day. For four years "he has been farming in the Pretoria district; the capital "he has invested in purchase of the land, stock, imple- "ments, etc., is £22,000. Last year he received his first "profit, £7 10s.! He has now handed the farm over to "another man, rent free, on condition that the tenant "plants 10,000 trees each year. My friend reckoned that "he had planted over 1,000,000 trees during the last four "years, his idea being to thus improve the property."

A White Lead Company.

A correspondent who tells us that he put all his savings, some £600, into shares of the Bischof White Lead Corporation (1900) Limited, and did so on the strength of Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Company's connection with it, wants to know if there is any chance of getting his money back. We should think none whatever. The history of this company illustrates the risk of taking up shares in a joint-stock enterprise resting upon a new process, however highly that process may be commended by scientific and commercial authorities.

The prospectus of the Bischof White Lead Company was issued in December, 1900, and it contained a letter from Dr. Ludwig Mond, in which he spoke in very sanguine terms of the prospects of the undertaking. His letter concluded with these words :—

"The process having now been thoroughly worked out "in all details, there should be no difficulty under ordinary "good management in carrying it on successfully on a "large manufacturing scale."

And there was an estimate of profits anticipated that worked out at £42,000 per annum, enough after meeting fixed charges to pay 15 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and to leave a balance of £5,500 to be carried forward. It was further stated that negotiations were in progress for the sale of foreign and colonial patents, and

"The Directors confidently anticipate that large sums will "be realised therefrom, while the dividends from the "shares which this corporation would acquire in subsi- "diary companies to be formed, should result in a very "handsome revenue."

The capital of the company was £350,000, and £250,000 were offered to the public. The purchase price of the process was £150,000, and £50,000 was paid in cash.

The brilliant prospects of the prospectus were never realised. Far from the £42,000 profit promised, the company never paid a dividend. Year after year the directors made sanguine forecasts, and year after year the situation grew worse, until last year the capital of the company was reduced by cancelling 5s. per share on each of the 12,566 issued preference shares, and 15s. per share on each of the 146,704 issued ordinary shares. To-day these shares are unsaleable except at a few coppers.

The history of the company is that of many hundreds of other companies, save that it was backed in an exceptional way by high scientific authority. The Press, too, was curiously united and enthusiastic. All of which goes to show that readers of John Bull, like our correspondent, who have a few hundreds saved, will do well not to put them into the shares of joint-stock companies resting on new processes, however confident the opinion of experts that these processes are of great commercial value.

Mistaken Silence.

Some directors seem to think that when things are going wrong, or not quite as pleasantly as in the past, the best thing to do is to refuse information, or to give as little as possible. Take, for example, the Inns of Court Hotel, Limited. This company was one of the first of the hotel joint-stock concerns started in London. It was floated as far back as 1873, and there seemed to be no reason why it should not have a prosperous career. Upon its first year's working, 1873-4, it paid a dividend of 10 per cent. The following year the distribution was much smaller, and afterwards, until 1879-80, there was none. For that year 6 per cent. was paid, and with the exception of 1887-8, there was a dividend for every year till 1898-9, since when there has been none. A month or two ago some of the shareholders were invited to consult with the directors "as to the position and prospects of the hotel." The meeting took place, but nothing is said about it in the report, and at the ordinary general meeting held on Friday, after a preliminary statement by the chairman, which told little or nothing, reporters were requested to withdraw. Why? If they were to be there at all they ought to have been allowed to remain during the whole of the proceedings. Nothing is to be gained by concealing the real position of the company, or withholding the intentions and suggestions of the Board.

Take another, and a much more prosperous concern, one which until now, and even now, has always paid big dividends, namely, George Newnes, Limited. The report for the year ended June 30 last has just been issued, and admits that the year's working has not been as satisfactory as usual! The profits have been much smaller, and the explanation given is that "losses have been incurred in connection with certain new periodicals and subsidiary branches of the business which have considerably reduced the net profit, as compared with average years." Well, the most prosperous of companies cannot always avoid serious losses, more particularly when it deals in that very risky kind of business known as newspaper enterprise. But why not face the loss manfully and make a clean breast of it? This course has not commended itself to the directors of George Newnes, Limited. The Board has taken steps, we are told, "to prevent a recurrence of these losses," and "being satisfied that any material reduction in the profits is of a temporary character, Sir George Newnes (the Chairman) has agreed to make up the balance for the year to £57,000, which, after allowing for the dividend on the preference shares, and the interim dividend paid on the ordinary shares in February last, will enable the company to declare a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year, making with the interim dividend a total distribution

at the rate of 8 per cent. for the year." Well, it is very kind of Sir George Newnes to make up a portion of the deficiency, although, notwithstanding his assistance, the dividend has dropped 2 per cent. But why not tell the whole truth, and let shareholders know the extent of the loss, and how it has come about? Attempts to hide losses of the kind only encourage rumour to exaggerate the ill-fortune, and if frank declaration had been made, the shareholders of George Newnes, Limited, would not have forgotten how successful the business has been in the past.

Hedon Park Estates.

Who is the London financier who has secured the Hedon Park Estate, just outside Hull, and practically adjoining the new docks upon which the Great Central Railway are spending three millions of money? And what about the racecourse on the property? Is it at length to be really taken in hand? If rumour be correct, someone well known in City circles has stepped in, at the psychological moment, whilst the Hull people were thinking about it. Is it another Trafford Park?

Guest, Keen, and Nettlefolds.

Guest, Keen, and Nettlefolds continue to increase their profits. Those of last year, as shown by the preliminary statement of accounts just issued, are £19,600 better than for 1904-5, and in that year the net profit was £317,600, but the ordinary shareholders only get their 10 per cent., £150,000 going to reserve, which now amounts to £900,000, and £167,000 being carried forward. Ten per cent. precludes complaint, but we should have thought a somewhat larger distribution might have been sanctioned this year, even by the most conservative of Boards.

The Revival of the Prospectus.

In his report on the Companies Department for 1905, just issued, the Comptroller gives a table which shows that the issue of prospectuses, which began to fall away in the beginning of 1901, and continued to diminish until 1904, has now got back to the 1900 position. It has been generally assumed that the shrinkage was due to the operation of the 10th section of the Companies Act, 1900, which compels full disclosure of all material facts in prospectuses issued to the public, but the provisions of this Act have not been altered in any way, and yet the proportion of the companies now being issued with a prospectus is practically identical with that of the period immediately before the Act of 1900 came into operation. No doubt the Act was one, but not perhaps the chief cause of the non-prospectus era. It was certainly not to the advantage of the public that the shares of a company should be "introduced" to them by means of the Stock Exchange rather than by a prospectus open to all to weigh and criticise.

London Trading Bank.

At the half-yearly general meeting of the London Trading Bank, Limited, its Managing Director, Mr. I. J. Booth, was able to show that the Bank had done well during the past half-year, and that its position steadily improves. It is a well-conducted institution.

For the second time in its career of a dozen odd years the Cape Asbestos Company shows a profit. In 1900 it made a net profit of £3,348; this year it clears £1,828. Taking the twelve years the net annual loss works out at £2,000. A poor result, but there are grounds for hope that dividends will come along by and by.

A company is about to be formed with a capital of half a million to work the Ballycastle Collieries, Co. Antrim. There have been so many disappointments in connection with Irish coal properties that the public may look askance at the present proposition, but there is reason to believe that the Ballycastle Collieries are really very valuable, and that the output from them will be large.

INQUIRIES.

Himan Concessions.—T. A. K. (Heathfield).—We should leave them alone, and most other West African shares.

Hungarian State Lotteries.—C. H. S. (Plymouth).—They are quite genuine, but whether they are "worth going in for" is another matter. The odds are heavy against your getting your money back.

Stability of Firm.—K. (Putney).—We know nothing against the firm you mention, but it is impossible for us to tell you if a firm of the kind is financially sound.

Victim of Fraud.—K. H. (Chelsea).—If you will send us your papers we will look into the matter.

House Purchase.—Doubtful (Clapham).—We see no reason why you could not get a £400 house on the terms mentioned in your letter. Given a property offered at a price not exceeding value, there is no difficulty in getting a loan of three-fourths of the purchase-money, and, in exceptional cases, seven-eighths.

A Defaulting Company.—G. H. R. (Leeds).—It is easy to be wise after the event, but surely it was unwise to put all your savings, £600, into a company dependent for success upon an untried process—untried commercially, however highly spoken of by men such as the gentlemen you name. We do not see what remedy you have. All you could do would be to appeal to the courts with the probability of losing, and the certainty of having to fight men of practically unlimited means.

Sundry Stocks.—L. G. T. (Camden Road).—(1) We do not anticipate much recovery. (2) Yes, as a speculative purchase. (3) An excellent lock-up—none better.

The Great Cobar Copper Mine.—A. G. (Stroud Green).—There can be little question as to the value of the property, but the purchase price was much too high.

Continental Bonds.—D. and T. (Preston).—The present price of the bonds you name is as follows:—Egyptian Credit Foncier (1886), £12 10s.; Brussels Corporation, £4; Corporation of Milan (1866), 10s.; Ottoman, £5 12s.; Congo, £3; Austrian Red Cross, £1 17s.; Italian Red Cross, £1 10s.; Servian Government (1888), £3 14s.—the whole lot you mention being worth £68 19s.

George Martin (J. T. L. Witham).—Send the papers to us and we will see what can be done.

The London and Paris Exchange ("Fleeced," Hull).—The cutting is amusing. *Of course* you have lost.

W. G. (Frome).—The International Stock Exchange, Ltd., is a third-rate bucket-shop. The addresses they give as 139, Cannon Street *and* 20, Abchurch Lane are the front and back entrances of the same buildings. We are retaining the papers you send for a few days, so as to remind us to refer to the concern in a future issue.

Five Per Cent.—J. D. (Norwood).—At their present quotation the ordinary shares of the City of London Electric Lighting Company would give you nearly 5¾ per cent. You would find it difficult to make a better selection.

Motor Omnibuses.—Shareholder (Brighton).—The danger to be feared is not so much in legislative interference as in the progress of invention. Parliament will not prohibit motor omnibuses, although it may possibly impose hampering regulations. The risk, inseparable from the business in its present stage of development, is that the best 'buses now running may soon be superseded by better ones run by rival companies.

West African Mining.—W. H. (Richmond).—You seem to us much too hopeful. No doubt there is plenty of gold to be got; the question is how to get it at a cost that leaves a profit. Bad communications, scarcity of labour, deadly climate, are difficulties in the way of successful mining not easy to get over. Broomassies are the best purchase.

Hull and Barnsley.—E. W. (Bradford).—The accounts just issued are very encouraging, net takings showing an improvement of some £21,000, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, but there will be a considerable capital expenditure during the current half-year.

Waring and Gillow Ordinaries ("Sydenham").—We advise you to sell.

Waring and Gillow (C. D., London).—We will make full inquiries.

Milne, Son, and Hamilton (H. J. W., Newport, Mon.).—Have nothing to do with them.

Portsmouth Protestant Institute, Limited (W. J. M., Charlton).—We have no information respecting this institute, since re-named the Albert Hall, and it seems to us you cannot do better than write to the secretary to know what is being done.

Joint Stock Trust.—E. H. (Sheffield).—We expect the report to be issued about the end of this month.

CROSS-CHANNEL NOTES.

A Recollection of Toole.

By an Englishman in Paris.

Solon was a wise man. He told us to chide a friend in private and praise him in public. Perhaps if I had read this before I sent over my last frivolous notes from the gayest of cities, I might not have criticised my English visitor so severely. All my Anglo-Saxon pals are not so difficult to get on with. When I had packed off my parting guest, whose overwhelming superiority had left me crushed to a smooth powder, I consoled myself by thinking of other chums who in former days never crossed from Dover without coming to see if my radio-activity was still buzzing. And then we visited all the museums—those of the day and of the tweenie hours—drinking glasses of Paris milk and fermented liquors likewise. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius fermentat.* My Grand Prize old man of the Channel sea was a linnet-minded villain of villadom; these good fellows were rogues and vagabonds, mummers, gaggers.

First on the list of pleasant memories comes "Johnny" Toole. Alas! he has left us! But I love to think of him as he was when I was privileged to know him—brimming over with nervous vitality; as full of good-hearted, natural fun as an Irish schoolboy. One of his visits to Paris is fresh in my remembrance. It was in 1878. He turned up to fetch me to take him to the International Exhibition that was raging at that time. When he made his entrance I was enjoying a quiet after-lunch pipe, and as a smoking-cap I wore a scarlet Egyptian fez. This, John Lawrence—as his wife used to call him when she was cross, and that was often—quickly seized. He stuffed it into the pocket of the black frock coat he always wore, at the same time showing me a false moustache of "crape" hair, with a little spring to fix it to the nose. He explained that these "props" would be useful, as it was soon proved, for we were no sooner within the gates of the big industrial bazaar when Toole's love of practical joking overpowered him. A young Englishman, representative of a firm from the Potteries, was in charge of a stall where specimens of chimney-pots and drain-pipes were on view. The British comedian took him for his mark, putting the innocent country lad on the rack by means of a series of insensate interrogatories calculated to bring on meningitis. How could the poor boy understand such mumbled language as: "Do you flanty before with regard to the oomty somso nervooka of the glazed eartenware"? Added to the torture of trying to unravel this new jargon and not be impolite to a possible customer, who, besides, knew his master well (!), the puzzling client suddenly manifested symptoms of deafness, being unable to catch the loudly-bawled replies of the dazed youth. I laughed so consumedly that to hide and stifle my mirth I went down on my knees, crawling about on all-fours among the crockery as if to take measurements and examine it more closely. Toole, seeing my shaking shoulders and blood-red apoplectic neck, could hold out no longer. It was time for the grand transformation scene. So he turned away, and while the confused victim was writing down some of his tormentor's fantastical requirements, the actor ducked in front of the high desk, stuffed his soft felt hat in his pocket, adjusted my fez on his head and the moustache on his upper lip, so that when the perspiring stripling, now done to a turn and ready for Banstead, looked up, he found himself confronted by a Turk who had dropped from the realms of nowhere!

Genial J. L. was checkmated once, though. It was at Aix-les-Bains, in the early nineties. Getting hold of the Mayor's visiting-card, he sent the pasteboard, accompanied by a bunch of superb tea-roses, to a married lady of his acquaintance who was taking the waters. The malicious matron knew something, and when she met Toole at the Casino that night, let him circle round her, enjoying his eagerness to try and get the conversation to turn on tea-roses. But she was impenetrable.

While at Aix, Toole would often take a little bank at the public baccarat table, and was fairly lucky. I remember Lal Brough and his wife being there the same year.

Another visitor of mine was poor, handsome Harry Montague, the prince of stage-lovers, who passed through Paris in 1872 on his way to America. He was always dead crazy on some entrancing goddess or the other—or fancying himself enslaved. This time his heart was offered to a dashing actress, Berthe Legrand, who had been a favourite footlight fairy about 1867, when she appeared in Offenbach's famous opera-bouffe, "La Belle Hélène." This handsome lady is still on the stage—wonderful to relate. I think she is the very, very last of the Second Empire stage sirens. It was but a year or two ago that I saw her play a nigger lady in full evening dress. She had conscientiously "blacked up," face, neck, and shoulders, even being conscientious enough to lacquer the elastic elegancies of her décolleté display to the deepest, sable cooking-stove hue. A Milo of the night!

There was David James also, allured by French cookery, but that would be quite another assorted anecdote.

"WILD WALES."

To paraphrase well-known lines, "In the summer everyone's fancy eagerly turns to thoughts of holidays." And what better locality could possibly be chosen than the quaint, grand, and beautiful Principality? In conjunction with the London and North-Western and Great Western Companies, the Cambrian Railways place the whole of lovely Wales within easy reach of the Metropolis, and at surprisingly cheap fares. Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and the rest of the United Kingdom also enjoy remarkable facilities and there is no possible excuse for the native Briton making a journey abroad in search of an invigorating and healthy holiday amid the most ideal surroundings.

The enterprising Cambrian Railways, under the energetic superintendence of their secretary and general manager, Mr. Denniss, hold out unique inducements to the tourist to patronise their lines. Specially cheap rates are quoted for short periods, including the Continental system of holiday season tickets, by which for the sum of 17s. 6d. for 14 days (according to class), the tourist can cover the whole sweep of 70 miles of coast line between Aberystwyth, Machynlleth, and Pwllheli, including the Dolgelley branch, and embracing the finest scenery in the country.

Another strikingly novel and commendable feature is the issue of a free pass for five years to the head of a family who may build and occupy a house of not less than £50 annual rental at any of the watering places on the railway.

Space prevents us mentioning at length the names and attractions of the many holiday resorts on the Cambrian system, but we may refer to Aberystwyth, with its imposing cliff scenery, fine promenade, and multitude of entertainments; Barmouth, with its magnificent situation, incomparable views and coach drives; Aberdovey, with its sands, boating, and golf links; Machynlleth, an excellent centre for anglers, walkers, riders, and train travellers; Dolgelly and the magnificent Cader Idris Torrent Walk and Precipice Walk; the lovely Corris Valley and Talyllyn Lake; Harlech, with the famous castle and the equally famous, if more modern, golf links; Beddgelert, renowned for its charming situation and proximity to the Pass of Aberglaslyn; Criccieth, with its impressively situated castle; Pwllheli, with its bathing; and—to take a few inland resorts—Llanidloes, beautifully situated on the banks of the Severn; the river Wye and its charming villages, and the quaint old-fashioned Kymric county town of Brecon.

Much handsomely got-up literature (including a list of lodgings) upon these and the other beautiful spots served by the line may be obtained at the London offices of the London and North-Western and Great Western Railways, from the traffic superintendent, Oswestry, or from the Cambrian offices at Sheffield, Bradford, Oldham, Manchester, Birkenhead, Cardiff, Leeds, and Birmingham.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in? Yours very faithfully, John Bull.

AMONG THE THEATRES.

M. Antoine the Greatest of Actor-Managers.

By Frank Harris.

It is seventeeen or eighteen years since I met M. Antoine for the first time in Paris; he had just started his first theatre, and all the youth and all the heads in Paris were talking of him and his plans. A mere clerk at ten pounds a month, he had trained some of his friends and acquaintances as actors, had taken a barn as playhouse, and promised to give us a new theatre, a place where the tragedies and comedies of real life should be seen, a temple for the sweet, sad music of humanity, and not a stage for the posturing of puppets. Well, we all went to the barn, and ninety-nine out of every hundred of us were satisfied that M. Antoine was capable of reform, if not of revolution.

At first he had to live laborious, anxious days ; he was perpetually in straits for money and had to pay his helpmates something, and when the something was very small he had to piece it out with promises and praise and coaxing. He was like a general who had to win every battle, every skirmish even, and to whom a half-victory was ruin. The most desperate struggles in this fight of life are not on the battle-field. And Antoine won through in spite of false friends and foolish detractors: he had pluck and tenacity and something more.

Coming out after one of the performances I had a talk with one of the critics of a great Paris paper ; he professed to be astounded at Antoine's *flair*—"He is a genius that man," he said. "What a nose he has got for talent ; he smells it at once. One act or six, prose or verse, it is all the same to him ; wherever talent passes he recognises it. And think of the number of good actors and actresses he has got hold of ; he is a marvel."

M. Antoine as Manager.

At the very beginning Antoine was unconventional in his choice of plays ; he would take up a German play and have it translated, or a Belgian play, or a Russian play—anything that interested him. He gave us Ibsen, Hauptman, Maeterlinck, Suderman, as well as Dounay and all the younger Frenchmen. But his sympathies were not as wide or as true as his friends and his admirers imagined. He had a knowledge of real life and its tragedies; an astounding sense of stage effects; but he had no feeling for high poetry or mystic and visionary effects. Unearthly terrors did not interest him, and for unearthly beauty he had no eyes. But he knew a good actor or actress when he saw them, and he could bring out the best in them on the realistic side.

His Greed and Vanity.

He was just as greedy as other actor-managers. He began with a high ideal—or professed to; he gave bread-wages, as the Germans call the amount necessary to keep life in a man or a woman, and promised huge things if success came. But when success did come he gave grudgingly, and with years grew more sparing—even of praise, though not of blame. His chief assistants, men and women, talked of him as mean and petty, eager to monopolise the stage, and jealous of all appause won by others and I believe that this view of him was, in the main, correct. But by his tenacity and resolution he got the money together for a real theatre, and founded the "Théâtre Antoine," away down there by the Place de la Republique, close to Maire's Restaurant. With all its drawbacks the Théâtre Antoine was the most interesting theatre in the world. We used to go down and dine at Maire's, and then go on to Antoine's, certain to see an interesting play, horrible, it might be, terrible it often was; but interesting nearly always—a piece of real flesh and blood, torn from the quivering body of life.

Success and its Results.

Year by year Antoine battled on till his Théâtre Antoine became even a *bourgeois* success. The grocer-man of the *quartier* used to go there with his wife, and grin and leer at the open indecencies, and quiver and cry over the mimicry of passion and suffering.

With success Antoine grew more and more conventional ; the bed of a certain famous scene was taken from the stage and put in a side room ; the horrors were mitigated. The best actors like Gemier and Mdlle. Nau and others, indignant at the way they were treated, left and set up for themselves, or joined other theatres. But still the Théâtre Antoine was, as I have said, the most interesting in the world, and Antoine himself the best of actor-managers.

Antoine as an Actor.

The man, too, was a good, realistic actor; whenever he could he spoke and moved as he spoke and moved in life; he wove into his part, too, little bits of his own individuality, which brought with them an astonishing atmosphere of real life; sometimes, indeed, he overdid this, and fell into tricks. For exampe, there was a little play of Renaud, which has since, I believe, been played by Forbes Robertson under the title of "Carrots." The story was a very simple one—a little boy put upon by his mother and protected by his father. Antoine as the father was quite an astonishing study. He smoked his cigarettes, dropped them when moved by the boy's tale, and put his foot upon them, twitched his eyebrows and shoulders, was, in fact, Antoine himself and yet the father—a little too much Antoine, too little typical, too individual and personal. A good fault, you will say, but still a fault.

Antoine as Stage Manager.

And he has just these same faults as an actor-manager, as, indeed, I have already hinted. He knows a good deal about life; but the worlds of romance and poetry and religion are beyond his purview. And now he has been appointed manager of the Odéon, one of the two great State theatres in Paris, and some day or other, when Jules Claretie has the grace to resign, no doubt Antoine will be appointed manager of the Théâtre Français itself, and able to realise all his ideas at other people's cost, which is the paradise of the born actor-manager.

Antoine at the Royalty.

A fortnight ago at the Royalty, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Mayer, I saw Antoine several times; he is as good an actor as ever; but the plays he chooses now are sadly conventional and commonplace. One evening he began with a little comedy in one act by Max Maurey that would go to any stage; then there was a piece in two acts, "Discipline," translated from the German of Conring, which was as conventional in its own way as "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," and the evening closed with another little comedy of Maurey's called "Asile de Nuit," or "Night Shelters," a little *genre*-picture, notable only for the acting of M. Signoret, who, too, as the Colonel in "Discipline," showed himself to be a very fine actor. For two evenings of the week Antoine played Suderman's "Ehre," which might surely be played by Sir Herbert Tree or Charles Wyndham, or even by Baron Alexander, when stimulated by a couple of failures.

Antoine at the Odeon.

Of course, Antoine, as manager of the Odéon, will make great improvements. He will put solid houses on the stage instead of painted, shivering canvas. He will probably have real doors in his "sets," and not the painted simulacra of doors; he may in scenery and stage-effects bring the French theatre up to the level of the ordinary English theatre. He will also, no doubt, do away with the old Odéon pieces; long rhetorical dramas in sounding Alexandrians, which were appallingly dull and stupid, and which must be compared with the musical comedies of the English stage as typical of the time and expressive in each case of the national character. He will perhaps make the Odéon nearly as interesting as he made the Théâtre Antoine twelve or fifteen years ago, and he will, of course, be enormously applauded in the brainless press that used to jeer and sneer at him.

Antoine's Decadence.

But Antoine has not grown in the last twenty years; success has not made him bolder, but more timid. He does not care more for his ideals now, but less ; he has lost in intellectual keenness, in courage, in contempt of the conventional ; he has grown a little fat, rotund and comfortable. He is hardly an artist now in any sense of that misused word. Since he has got a *clientele*, he tries to please them, and not his own soul; he has fallen to the full house and chink of the money-bag, as Samson fell in the lap of Delilah. I wonder if he remembers how he used to laugh at the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, and ridicule them as antiquated stage-properties? It is just possible that with his two thousand a year certain, he may now realise all his youthful ideals, and make the Odéon not only the greatest theatre in France, which is surely not a difficult task; but the only theatre in the world of interest to thinking men and women. Will Antoine rise to the occasion? Will the reformer (now that he is secure against personal loss) dare to become the revolutionary and create upon the outworn French stage, if not a new Heaven, at least a new Earth? I have been forced to interject in parentheses the personal question, this being, I am sure, the rub; but it has only helped me to define the riddle. After all, no one answers riddles but Time, and Time will answer this.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE CLERGY.

(*From "The Freethinker."*)

It appears to have escaped general knowledge that some time ago our present Government, with its avowed interest in things religious, appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition, earnings, and status of the English clergy.

In a kind of preamble the report says :—

"The subject of the inquiry deals with what was once unquestionably—if we exclude the military—the largest and most flourishing occupation in the British Isles. Although of foreign origin, its growth in these islands was very rapid, and for generations it gave employment to a large number of people—how large, there are no reliable figures upon which a calculation may be based. For many years, however, owing to the competition of an increasing number of new occupations, there has been probably an absolute, but certainly a relative, decrease in the number employed. New occupations do not, however, account for all, since it appears that the home industry has suffered severely through importations from Italy in an earlier period, and later from Germany and France. These importations, consisting of ideas totally at variance with the best interests of the clerical profession, have worked irreparable havoc among those on whom the clergy depended for support; and your Commissioners are convinced that, could a more rigid system of protection have been maintained, what is now a decaying industry might have been in a far more flourishing condition."

Occupation.

"Considerable difficulty has been experienced by your Commissioners in arriving at an exact estimate of the number of persons engaged in this profession. Although those so engaged are banded together on the usual trades-union lines, yet, owing to these being split up into a number of more or less autonomous societies, and also to the animosity existing between them, we have been unable to obtain exact figures. Still, we are convinced that between 40,000 and 50,000 would be an approximate estimate—the larger figure being probably nearer the truth. The difficulty of an exact calculation is enhanced by the fact that this particular occupation has associated therewith a large number of practitioners who have no official or trade rank. These seem attracted thereto by various motives—love of gain, dissatisfaction with more laborious methods of employment, sheer vanity, or the mistaken idea that they are specially fitted for the work. But your Commissioners have observed that there are few occupations so easy to follow, or that demand less preparation for those who adopt it.

Diseases and Disorders.

"While on the whole this occupation seems to be a fairly healthy one, we yet find associated therewith diseases and disorders of a well-defined character. These affections, while not confined to this profession, certainly manifest themselves to a quite abnormal extent. Your Commissioners feel themselves justified in assuming, therefore, that while these diseases may be produced, they are certainly and generally aggravated by the occupation in question. These maladies are very largely of a mental character, but one may cite among the more physical ones the great prevalence of myopia and other forms of ophthalmia. The majority seem quite incapable of seeing things in their right proportions or in their true relation to other things. Asphasia is also common. Under this head may be noted the prevalence of amnesia, there being a marked inability in a large number of cases to find and use the right word in describing people or things. In a series of experiments conducted by your Commissioners, in which the subjects of investigation used such words as 'Faith,' 'Miracle,' 'Inspiration,' 'Providence,' etc., it was found that there existed nothing like a common agreement as to meaning, and indeed in a large number of cases meanings quite at variance with the legitimate ones were given to the words in question. Mental disorders are deplorably common, notably various kinds of egomania. The delusion that they are called to their work by a supernatural power seems to be held by all; and although your Commissioners pointed out to these unfortunate people that their trade was generally selected for them by parents or guardians, that they served an apprenticeship as in other trades, the delusion seemed unshakable. An inflated egoism leading men, often of less than mediocre attainments, to publicly declare the belief that their existence is essential to the national well-being, with the refusal to look at national concerns from that of any other point of view than of their own sub-union, demonstrate the existence of mental disorders of a most distressing kind.

Your Commissioners also desire to record their conviction that most of these people appear to have brought their disorders into the trade, if these were not the actual condition of their adopting it. In this way there appears to have been a process of selection at work, by means of which people of weak or disordered intellect are deliberately kept from other professions and placed in this one. In this direction the clerical profession certainly serves a useful function, since it provides an opening for people afflicted in the manner described, and who might otherwise lower the general character of other trades, or become a burden on their friends or on the public purse. But in the course of their investigations your Commissioners have come across not a few cases where the more brilliantly endowed members of a family have been selected for other callings, leaving the less endowed for this one. It may also be noted that the conditions of the occupation tend to aggravate whatever weakness the subject starts with. The system of apprenticeship seems elaborated to this end. During the course of training to which they are subjected independent thinking is strongly discouraged, the official text-books with which the students are supplied are mostly of an antiquated kind, the students are shut off from all advanced knowledge having a bearing on their profession, all of which combine to produce a degree of weakness and helplessness painful to behold, and fatal to their helpful efficiency in after life.

Earnings.

Concerning the earnings of this class your Commissioners have also failed in securing exact figures. Many who complained that their incomes were miserably small were found to have deducted therefrom the cost of clothing, boots, food, rent, riding, etc., and only to reckon as earnings the residuum. Some certainly possess large incomes. Others, again are comparatively small, although the average for the whole of the industry is certainly not insignificant. But here it is to be observed that the only satisfactory test is to take this industry in relation to other inhustries, and with regard to its social efficiency. So far as the last factor is concerned, we have quite failed to discover any useful function subserved by this profession. Certainly there are no social functions that would not go on as well in its absence as at present. Moreover, we have had evidence placed before us which goes to show that these persons are largely the agents of other interests in the country, and by their activity during election times, as well as on other occasions distract public attention from issues that are of vital consequence to the well-being of the nation. And, with regard to the first, the earnings of this industry in relation to others, your Commissioners observe that, while many may possess but meagre incomes, there is no reason whatever for imagining that they would be better paid in other occupations. Thrown on the ordinary labour-market, the presumption is that their earnings would be less than they are at present."

THE LAST TOOTH.

(*Tune:* The Last Rose of Summer.)

'Tis the last tooth remaining,
  Left aching alone,
All its former companions
  Have left it and gone;
No grinders or cutting teeth
  Are anywhere nigh,
To respond to its yearnings,
  Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
  To pine on thy stem;
Since thy comrades have left thee,
  Go, rest thou with them!
So kind Dentist uproot it,
  And fling it away,
To where its companions
  Lie rotting to-day.

E. H. G.

MOUNTAINS.

By Jim Crow.

I consulted a qualified quack t'other day. He pouched my guineas, wrote out a prescription, and advised me to go up to some mountainous region. The prescription proved to be an order to a wine-merchant for six dozen bottles of sherry. That I did not mislike. But I hate mountains, and all that therein is.

German Gush.

Whenever I travel abroad, I notice that gentle Germans emit their most guttural grunts of delight whenever they espy a mountain. "Arrr—ch!" they gargle "wunderschön!" whenever a landscape deviates from the horizontal. A fir or a patch of snow on a slope excites them to virulent laryngitis. Why?

Down with the Downs.

I consider that mountains are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. Consider what an obstacle they are to the traveller, what an expense to the railway company, what a refuge to the brigand, what a temptation to the foolhardy. Year in, year out, they take a heavier toll of dead and wounded than the seaside, or the earthquake, or balloonacy. Idle idiots waste their time and risk their necks in establishing useless records of climbing. It is stupid enough to try to go to the North Pole, but there is no excuse for crowing and strutting because you have scaled the Matterhorn or Kilimanjaro or Popocatapetl. An ideal world would be flat as well as round.

Morose Mountaineers.

I have observed that they who dwell in mountains are either unhappy or disagreeable, sometimes both. Their food is rude, often amounting to little more than oats, which, as Dr. Johnson pointed out, is given to horses in England; their raiment consists, for the major part, of evil-smelling skins; a harsh climate tortures their bodies and warps their minds. Discontent is chronic with them. They are intolerant of authority and ever ready for rebellion. Forced frugality engenders parsimony and avarice among them.

The Pleasure of Plains.

Like other excrescences, mountains are usually ugly. Their shapes are monotonous, their tones are faded and listless, their gloom is everlasting. For vivid, living beauty, we must go to the plains, so-called because they are anything but plain. Stand upon the battlements of Belgrade and gaze over the gorgeous expanse of Hungary with its wealth of golden maize, consider the infinite brilliancy of its countless colours, revel in the riches of its silvern streams. Or ascend the cathedral of Milan and listen to the soothing hum of luscious Lombardy. Or be a man and mount a mehari camel and hie you to the deserts of Africa in search of freedom and mystery and happiness and all the children of imagination. Never again will you desire to lift your eyes unto the hills.

Serene Seas.

What is the charm of the sea? Surely that it has not been cursed by hills. The sea is a fit theme for poets, a joy for ever to all inspired souls, full of motion and emotion. It affords a living contrast to the mountains with their dull, starving solitude, repulsive as Robespierre, cold as cuckolds, shady as solicitors, barbarous as Bohemians.

Impotent Poets

Who ever succeeded in extracting art or music or romance from a mountain? It would be as hopeful to seek sunbeams in cucumbers. Some rash poets have tried their hands, but they were foredoomed to failure. Or, if they succeeded, it was by the magic of their imagination, by singing of that which is not, by lying to their ingenuous disciples.

A Pestilent Party.

The French once devised a political party, which they called the Mountain. Naturally, it was the very worst party that ever fooled an electorate. "Honour waits not on this Mountain," said Carlyle, the gibberish-monger. (Nor on any other, says Mr. Crow.) "Gifts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of thinking." And, like the Latin poet's mountain, like all mountains in fact, after all its labour it could only bring forth the *ridiculus mus*.

Buried Cities.

A city, set upon a hill, cannot be hid. If we abolished hills, cities would be much more comfortable. And the world would be much happier if some cities could be hid so carefully that no one might ever find them. Take Paris, for instance. It ought to be buried, like Pompeii and Gomorrah andother haunts of iniquity.

Mr. Crow's Resolve.

I must not make a mountain of a molehill, but I don't think I shall obey my qualified quack. It will be pleasanter for me, and more edifying for John Bull, if I go down to the sea in ships.

ODES TO EMINENT PEOPLE.

To R—dy—rd K pl—ng.

By Bully Bear.

Argument.—The Bard complaineth that the subject of his address is not restrained in his savage compositions, and marvelleth at the mysterious phraseology that they contain. He envi-eth the facility with which R-dy-rd K-pl-ng obtaineth great sums for his stanzas, but comforteth himself with the reflection that they are not understood by mankind. Finally, he offereth some good advice.

O shame to make a fellow ill
With rugged line on line!
To make "complete"—"completer still,"
While England makes no sign!
Unchalleng'd, in thy bardic seat,
To sing thy faulty rhymes;
To hint that tho' a shame's complete,
'Tis incomplete sometimes!

At a great price thy lays are sold,
Which Editors will pay—
For ev'ry line, a piece of gold—
Nor deem it thrown away.
Tho' printed for amaz'd mankind,
They are not understood;
For who can grasp, of mortal mind,
How one can "*bind* our *blood*?"
Now, even now, before men learn
In what a bard they trust;
Now, even now, before they turn,
To grind him into dust;
Now, while thy safety may be won,
Ere England makes a sign,
O, buy an English Lexicon—
'Twill cost but one-and-nine!

"The Enemy of Woman."

JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To RUDYARD KIPLING, Esq.

Dear Rudyard Kipling,—

It is about eighteen years since we first met: you had just come from India, heralded by some of your "Plain Tales from the Hills"; the younger London editors were all agog to get your work; Low on the *St. James's*, Harris on the *Fortnightly Review*, Henley on the *Scot's Observer*, all published, petted, praised you. You came to your own, and your own received you with open arms: in a month or two you were famous. A little later your first volume of poetry appeared, widening your popularity, buttressing your reputation. We hoped great things from you.

But almost at the beginning you gave us pause, checked our enthusiasm for your work: made us doubt your intelligence if not your gift. You remember the occasion, we are sure: you wrote a hideous poem against the Irish; joined yourself with the baser sort in the English Press to insult and villify a whole nation in their chosen representatives. Burke, you know, declared himself unable to frame an accusation against any people; you found it easy to do what Burke regarded as impossible. The screed was written for an editor, who would not use it. It was taken to the *Times*, but the *Times* did not know anything about Rudyard Kipling and would not accept it. It appeared in the *Scot's Observer*, and from there was copied into the *Times* and enormously extended your popularity, as we say again, among the baser sort, for from this moment the judicious began to fear that you would never do great work, that you were lacking in sympathy, in all the higher sensibilities.

Some time after this we came across your infamous story of the English officer whom you picture as having been tortured by the Russians: a story written merely to stir up hatred, malice and all uncharitableness between Englishmen and Russians, for no earthly reason, because the Russians are not our rivals in any sense; but customers of ours who might be made friends, who should be made friends. It was an infamous libel upon a great people, and it was, we believe, the first story or the only one of your stories which has been put upon the boards, and so won you popularity.

Then came your "Recessional," which some looked upon as a plain bid for the laureateship as soon as that post became vacant; but which we read as a curious outpouring of the best in you: the prayer for "the humble and contrite heart" in it coming from your childhood and its memories, while you showed your humility by talking of "the lesser breeds without the Law," arrogating to your own race even in presence of the Almighty the "favoured nation" clause accorded by Him to the Jews alone, if we are to believe their statement.

When the Boer war broke out we knew which side you would be on: some of us, indeed, expected from you a poem in praise of the Concentration Camps, a sort of chant of triumph over the mother agony and the dying children; but you contented yourself with praising the noble Milner and our authorities in the Transvaal.

A little later you astonished the world with your "White Man's Burden." Up to the other day that was your masterpiece: a masterpiece of mingled hypocrisy and brutality. The "White Man's Burden," forsooth, consists, first, in planting missionaries among the unfortunate black races, missionaries with many Ju-jus stronger than any Ju-ju of the unfortunate negro: then comes the trader with cheap gin and potato spirit as his Ju-ju, and the burden of the white man grows heavier: he is not satisfied now with demoralising and ruining whole villages with his accursed drink; he seizes the land and enslaves the inhabitants; drives them out to get rubber for him, or ivory; or shuts them in compounds; robs and murders, and worse, turns raider—"the White Man's Burden"—forsooth! It has not been successful, that saintly hymn: neither the Americans nor the English are such utter slimy hypocrites as to accept that farrago of lies for the truth. That was, we repeat, the high water mark of your achievement till you wrote this "South Africa" the other day for the *Standard*. You take Milner's lie about the helots and repeat it, hoping by emphasis to make it acceptable. The English were helots under Kruger because they could not vote, and they are helots now, it appears, because they can vote. Let us have the whole verse:—

"Back to the ancient bitterness
Ye ended once for all—
Back to oppression none may guess
Who have not borne its thrall—
Back to the slough of their despond,
Helots anew, held fast
By England's seal upon the bond
As Helots to the last."

Now, Kipling, what do you know of this oppression? Nothing. Why, then, do you write about it when you say it cannot even be guessed? The whole thing—"the bitterness," and "the slough of despond," and "the helots" and the rest—all fake, like the "White Man's Burden."

We were reading Heine the other day, Heine the great modern poet; in his introduction to his French notes he tells us there are only two parties to-day in any country in the world: the party of the nobles and rich, and privileged, and the party of the poor and the disinherited; the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots," and he declares that he stands for manhood and for the primal rights; that this is his high function as a poet, to lead the oppressed against the oppressors even if he die in the way. "Lay not on my coffin the laurel-wreath of the poet," he says; "for poetry has ever been to me only a divine plaything; but lay on my coffin a sword, for at least I have been a brave soldier in the Liberation-war of humanity." A brave soldier in the Liberation-war of humanity. That is the poet's privilege! You prefer the jailor's place. Or is Heine not authority enough for you? You may have heard of Browning's "Lost Leader":—

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

You must know by this time in your heart that you are not a poet or leader at all; but what the scientists call "an arrested development"; a Fourth-form singer; simply the Poet Laureate of boys from twelve to sixteen.

You belong to the Macaulays and verse-makers, and not to the poets at all; you have sung in doggerel what he has sung in correct ballad-form, the coarser vanities of men, their narrow patriotics, their crude sectarianism—all that deforms our race in an outworn insularity! Perhaps the only fine thing which you have ever seen in us is our courage, and that you dish up with such lewd contempt for lesser breeds that one's gorge rises at your praise. Courage, sir, is not the finest thing in this English race, or else the Japanese would have held our world-empire.

But we have loved freedom more than other men, freedom of conscience and of thought, and when it was denied us we left home and kin and established it in the wilds and the deserts—hard by the uttermost sea.

In fine, you are a sort of lesser Macaulay; your Muse is a drab who flaunts tawdry finery—not a Goddess: his history is as much fiction as your short stories, and his Whig view of life is yours: he was the literary lion of his time as you are of this time; his name was in all men's mouths as yours is to-day, and in a single generation after his death he is forgotten or only remembered to be sneered at. And his fate will be yours.—Your most obedient humble servant,

John Bull.

TORTURED RUSSIA.

LOVE LETTERS OF THE PLATONISTS.

A LESSON FOR MODERN HUSBANDS.

By Theodore Dahle.

The Nook,
Riverside,
June 30, 1906.

Dear Soul,

I am distracted with loneliness. Hubby went on his holidays last night, and I am alone. Think of it. Alone—alone; alone with my soul, and only two servants, who sleep somewhere near the tiles. He says the doctor ordered him away for three weeks or a month, till he had recuperated. Oh, how the burdens of business tell upon men; one never knows when they will break down and be ordered away for the good of their health. He has gone to Paris and Monte Carlo.

What a pathetic scene at the station! He kept the tears back from his eyes, but they trembled in his voice. I, too, could have wept at losing him, but thought of you instead; thought of being alone with my soul, and you, and the dear, deep silence 'twixt twilight and the time for you to go. I awoke this morning to find the golden sunlight streaming on my downy pillow. Its warm kiss was on my lips, and I stretched out my arms. But of course I was mistaken. Life is full of disappointments.

There is a train which gets in at 9.20 p.m. I am afraid you will have to walk a little distance by the winding footpath through the gleaming corn. There will be no moon. Do you think you will be able to see me in the dark? I shall be waiting at the second stile past the crossways, and then, oh my only ownest, Clara, Lady Helena Phillips-Ffordes, my friend, you know, and Mrs. Darnley Smith-Smith and Mr. Darnley Smith-Smith, her intimate friends, and my mother, and a few other friends I have asked for to-night, will be able to win some money from you at bridge. I need it badly. The gown I am wearing now I have had nearly a fortnight, and it is getting positively too impossible for anything. So, dearest, do not fail me. Can you not hear the wild thudding of my heart? I counted the strokes just now, and they averaged thirteen to the dozen. The moments which divide you from me will not beat out my love so quickly. It is an eternity which separates us until 9.30, and it will drag on, and on, and on, in the deeps of this great soul of mine till we are face to face.

Toujours à toi,

Helene.

P.S.—So much has been said about the Smart Set that I may forget to meet you at the stile. If you do not find me there, walk straight on, and take the first turning to the right till you come to a gravelled walk. At the end you will find the front door with a bell on each side. Select which bell you please.

P.P.S.—Though you have seen me only once before, you will know me by the rose I took from your buttonhole. I shall wear it in my hair. I learned where this would find you from your chauffeur. The amount I want to win at bridge is about fifty pounds, so please do not forget to bring it with you, in cash or Bank of England notes.

H.

Dearest Girl,

You will not be surprised to find neither address nor date on this letter. It is also unsigned and type-written; I learned type-writing, you know, especially to pour out the wild, weird, wistful passion of my heart to you. Besides, under cross-examination, I can always deny the handwriting, in case you should put any of my letters under your pillow and leave them there for Jane Ellen Mary and your husband to read. What a peering, prying, suspicious world we live in! You never can trust husbands and servants with secrets; they make such a scandalous use of them. You assured me you will burn all my letters as you get them. But if you would rather not, paste them up in the servants hall. When you write your burning thrills to me, also dry them on a new sheet of the blotting-pad, so that when your husband has nothing better to do he may stroll into your bounteous boudoir, hold the blotting paper to the light, and read all you have written. If your husband has not time to do this, the servants will take care not to miss anything, and everything will be as merry as a funeral bell.

Heart of my hearts, your soft silvery voice whispers its softest notes to me in every summer breath. The trembling of your velvet hand in mine, the fragrant perfume of your ineffable, exquisite presence compose the music of my joy. Oh, Helene, Helene, it is true I do not play bridge well, and that the game cost me rather more than £50 last night, but I know you wanted the money, and, after all, the crowd did retire rather early in the morning, did they not. I was afraid they intended to wait up till the man came round with the milk.

I only caught you cheating five times, my adored one, but as you won every time it did not matter. And how the lights danced in the deep blue innocence of your eyes when you brought off the *coup!* I see them dancing now, dearest one. When you win, you win with a visible rapture. You become a transfigured ecstasy in the rosy radiance of the dawn. But do not win too often when I am not with you, and, in any case, occasionally invite people who know a little of the game. Unfailing good luck, such as yours, may excite remark among others, and your dear, sacred name may get into the society papers under the shadow of a recognisable pseudonym.

Have you read Plato's Reich? It is full of the deeper yearnings and mysteries of the Soul. If you cannot get it in the original Greek, buy it in the Double Dutch. Meanwhile, O, my beloved, I cry for you out of the inner sanctuaries of my being. When shall we clasp hands again? Soon, or never, never more!

Ever yours, ever.

The Nook,
Riverside,
July 5, 1906.

I have laid your letter on my heart, adored, and shall burn it to-morrow, if I do not forget. Be more thoughtful yourself, and light your cigar with this immediately you have read it. Not that I mistrust you, or fear; you are so cautious that I wonder and wonder whether you are Scotch. It is a platonic love, ours—a pure, sacred friendship of twin souls indestructible as matter, the inevitable blending of affinities in an immortality of joy. It is a perfumed whisper between ourselves. But the world is unbelieving and uncharitable. Wherefore, O, my other Self, I will not leave more of your letters about than I can help. Most of the others I will tie round with pale blue ribbon—or would you like it to be pink?—sprinkle them with attar of roses, and carry with me in my satchel while life remains to me. Yet, if I should lose my satchel? I will think again.

I did not suppose you would look while I was cheating, or I would have played fair. Do not think too badly of me. I did it all for love of you. I know you would have given me the money if I had asked for it. But it is so much nicer to win it. It preserves one's self-respect, don't you think? Besides, it enables one to explain to one's husband how one got the new gown. And this one is sweet, only twenty-five guineas at the summer sale. I shall pay something off the butchery and grocery bills with some of the rest. These vulgar people are so pressing.

As Ever.

The Nook, Riverside,
July, 1906.

Adored of my Soul, why ask whether we shall meet soon, or never, never more. Those words "never, never" pierce me like a dagger of ice. They make me shiver all over. They freeze me. In fact, if you mention them again I know I shall catch a cold in the head.

Always do I wait for you. Always do I yearn for you. And hubby will not be thoroughly recuperated for a fortnight at least. He writes from Monte Carlo to say that he longs for me with a longing that longs the longer it lasts, and that he is recovering slowly. I shall be playing the piano between three and four to-morrow afternoon, when Jane Ellen Mary takes her afternoon off, and until eleven in the evening it will still be the afternoon. I caught the hussey talking to a man at the garden gate the other evening, though of course he may have been quite respectable, for all I know. But these things are disconcerting when one falls across them suddenly.

I do not think the lower classes should have idylls, at least not at other people's garden gates. They should wait till they can afford garden gates of their own. Besides, it is improper to be so furtive. By-the-way, when you call, come in quite silently at the back. The door will not be latched. Just turn the handle and walk in. I shall be behind the door.

I have scented this letter with Parfum Ninon, exquisite, but expensive, and at least three places on every page have

received the tender pressure of my lips. I have marked the places, so that you will know.

Adieu! Till we meet, O sun of my life,

Helene.

Love of loves, where are you living now? I do not know, so I send this by the hand of a man who says you have gone to stay permanently with your mother.

When your husband returned unexpectedly and threw me out of the drawing-room into the conservatory, and then picked me up again and kicked me out of the door into the garden, without my hat, I do think he might have given more careful consideration to the cost of replacing the broken glass. If he had simply asked me to go out, like a gentleman, I should have bid him a polite good-night, departed quietly, and saved him a glazier's bill. But I have noticed that people who do things in haste are invariably reckless.

Do not think I blame you, oh my heart, for such unseemly behaviour on the part of one to whom you linked your life in days when the platonic affinities were so little understood. Your husband is evidently a brute, and all my sympathy is yours. Though I feel hurt at his conduct, I forgive him freely. But oh, dearest treasure, that is nothing beside the agony which grips my heart in its sacred thoughts of you.

Our white souls know no wrong. We can turn our faces to the sun and blush only for the kisses of friendship, and the caresses of innocence. Your husband's violent jealousy is unreasonable, and nobody but a man steeped to the lips in meanness would return home when he was not expected. Tell me, my beloved, where I may meet you yet once again. Or is our romance at an end, for ever and for ever? One word, just one, if only to tell me whether you think I should enter a monastery.

As ever.

The Nook, Riverside,
20th July, 1906.

Dear Sir,—

All is forgiven, and Jack has taken me from mother's. He is looking over my shoulder and telling me what to put in reply to yours received this morning. I am to inform you that, though he has kicked you out of the house he does not feel thereby precluded from giving you a horsewhipping if you write to me or hang around (as he puts it) again. He says that if he should have further occasion to recover his health at Paris he will either take me with him or let me have a holiday in a nunnery. He does not think I am the sort of person who should be left about.

As for yourself, I am to say that, assuming that everything I have told him about our platonic friendship is as true as he trusts it may be, you should not spoil your future by going into a monastery; you should go into a lunatic asylum. I am forbidden to see you again,

Adieu, adieu for evermore,

Helene Greaves.

P.S.—Jack has got all your letters. Jane Ellen Mary gave him two which she found under my pillow, and then I had to give him all the others which I had intended to burn. I am to add for your information that he has carefully filed them, for future reference if necessary.—H.G.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

John Bull.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Plain Speaking.

Within a coffee-room, a guest
In most unmeasured terms addressed
The waiter, with a fearful row
Of imprecations high and low;
Till, dinner done, he seemed to think,
Before he settled down to drink,
Some slight excuse or explanation
Perhaps might mend the situation;
So, half in earnest, half in joke,
Thus to the nearest guest he spoke:
"I'm rough and ready, and afraid
You find I call a *spade* a *spade*."
"No," said the other, "I declare
You do yourself injustice there;
If from the robust terms you choose
I may surmise the words you'd use,
To speech so tame you'd never grovel
You'd call the tool a *blasted shovel*."

In Kirk.

"List while ye may, and heed the truths I tell,
Ye'll hear no preaching once ye get to Hell."
Then shouted one the Pastor failed to scare,
"'Twaint be for lack o' meenisters down there!"

FIRST LOVE.

When, in my unsuspecting breast,
Love harmless slept, unbroke his rest,
In *icy coldness* sealed,
Thy glance, with quickening influence rife,
First waked and *warmed* the god to life,
And all his power revealed.

With new-born joys I sighed for more;
But had I gained a miser's store,
I had not then been sated;
With fiercer ray thy dark eye glows,
To *boiling* heat my passion rose,
And then—*evaporated*.

THE WORST WRITING I'VE EVER SEEN.

I've often heard it said—
The same I've often read—
That Doctors write a wondrous hand of mystery;
That their prescriptions are
Illegible and far
From what such learned documents should clearly be.

But the worst of hands I've seen
Undoubtedly has been
Some writing strange by angel hands supposed to be;
By help of Planchette, I
Did once more vainly try
To read what secrets future had in store for me.

Now I who live below,
Do not pretend to know
What writing schools the angels have beyond our ken,
But if they would but write
More legibly I might
Learn something from the messages they send to men.

E. H. G.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS
Drink and Drug Habits Cured at home, in 3 to 7 weeks, by the
Telegrams: Turvert, London. TURVEY TREATMENT Telephone 5494 Gerrard.
Publicly tested before Medical Committee (see Press Report). The Treatment entails no inconvenience and, in addition to entirely eradicating the crave for Alcohol or Drugs, has a most beneficial effect on the patient's health. The *Daily Chronicle* says: "A remarkable success." *Truth* states: "Has had really good effects." Resident patients also taken. Consultations, personal or by letter, without charge. The medicine for each case is prepared by a Qualified English Doctor and can be sent to any part of the world.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED 40-PAGE TREATISE (FREE), OR CALL.
Med. Supt., TURVEY TREATMENT CO., Ltd., 68, AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON.

BYE-WAYS IN BOHEMIA LAND.

Comedies and Tragedies of London Life.

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

Author of "The Love Thirst of Elaine," "Fame the Fiddler," "A Tragedy of Grub Street," "Stories of Famous Songs," "Stories of Famous Fairy Tales," etc., etc.

No. II.—"THE MAN OF MEANS."

There are public-houses and public-houses, and "The Man of Means" was a tavern of quite exceptional order in many respects. The saloon bar was most resorted to by wrecks and nondescripts, and a few women occasionally of doubtful character, good, bad, and indifferent. Mostly, let us say, indifferent—indifferent in every sense of the word. Indifferent of the day that brings its own good and evil; indifferent of the past and the present, and indifferent of all things, including themselves. At "The Man of Means," which ought to have been called "The Man of Motley," all classes met and meet. Officers who had served their King and country, sailors who had fought on the high seas, doctors, solicitors, authors, journalists, actors, clergymen, and quacks—all, alas! reduced in rank. They were just able to find enough money to buy beer wherewith to fuddle their softening brains, and to take a snack of bread and cheese, or a sausage now and then, for generally these exciting viands provided their daily wants. Some of the wrecks were, of course, in a better position, and lived in boarding-houses, and went home fairly regularly to their meals—these had small private means or allowances from unknown sources. In the majority of cases they were paid by their loving friends and relations, with a reputation to preserve and abhorrence of the undesirable, so much per week to keep away, to get drunk if they liked every day, and kill themselves when they pleased, or it pleased the devil and delirium tremens to take them. In many instances some of the nicely-groomed visitors were allowed so much pocket-money per day, payable by the landlady where they hung out, board, lodging, and clothes, with the proviso that they kept a respectful distance between themselves and their parents or guardians—and guardians was what the majority of them needed. One man we remember distinctly, who was always well dressed and, when reasonably sober, was very good company. He was a gentleman by birth and education, as the phrase goes. He had travelled far and seen much. He had hunted his county with the hounds, and then later he hunted with the hares—the March hares. In his cups he was a liar and a braggart, and his landlady gave him half-a-crown to spend per diem. His people allowed him to go to a certain tailor, who supplied him with clothes, and the same arrangement was made with a hosier, a bootmaker, a hatter, and so on. As he could not be trusted at all with money, naturally he never had any ready cash, so he did what his fellows of "The Man of Means" did, begged and borrowed and "prossed" upon the unwary stranger who ventured within the gates of this paradise of Bacchanalian and other passions. As the place was slightly off the highway and the beaten track, the majority of the customers were "regulars," or we might say irregulars. This particular man is still about, but seemed somewhat shaky when last we met him.

Another man, who was in receipt of the munificent sum of five shillings a day, never paid the slightest attention to costume. He bought all his things at second-hand shops, and took no pride in fit or shape. So long as they covered him decently he was quite content. He was known as the Soaker. One other individual, nicknamed the Flutterer, spent most of his allowance in trying to "find the winner," and almost invariably failed, though he always got his tips from a friend of a friend of his who knew the stable boys. His losses made little impression upon him after a few pewters of stout and mild, and he always turned up smiling the next day. Faber and I used to visit the place on lazy days and indolent nights, to study character and to hold high revelry with some medical students upstairs, where a most excellent repast was obtainable. To some extent we formed ourselves into a small club. This apartment was set apart for the aristocracy; and a clean collar and clean hands were considered evening dress and de rigueur. How the foodless wretches in the downstairs compartment used to envy the millionaires who could afford eighteenpence for the dinner, twopence for the beer, and a penny for the waiter! Their eyes and mouths watered at the mere thought of the luxurious feast of Lucullus that was not destined to be theirs. On some occasions the aristocracy were even able, by the careful clubbing together of funds and the discreet selection of the right brand, to buy claret whose flavour and aroma were discussed and praised in the manner of the true connoisseur who was daily accustomed to such luxuries.

The landlord, Bob Bracket, fat, jovial, and passing well off—his profits, notwithstanding the gentlemanly rag, tag, and bobtail of mutual borrowers and mutual deriders of each other's lack of merit, were enormous. Those who got money easily, as they did by some mysterious means at times, spent readily, lavishly, until all was gone, and then, in the bitterness of their folly and despair, openly cursed their hard fate or moped in desolate corners.

Jeremy Diddlers and Dick Swivellers crowded the place by the dozen, though but few of them were amusing. Indeed, they were all alike, and the type is too familar to require much attention, though one Jingle shall have a word said on his behalf a little later.

As for the ladies—God save and forgive them—they made "The Man of Means" their rendezvous, and their trade was marked in every feature. When prosperous days were with them for a space they showed it in their headgear and their wonderful frocks and petticoats, and the rings that were always travelling to and from the pledge shops. When times were bad they appeared "shabby," as Perkin Middlewick says, and bedraggled, and dishevelled. However, let us leave the ladies alone. They formed a background, and drank brandy, and whisky, and gin, inordinately—but not for long—they all in due course faded away, and left the men behind them to mourn their loss and marvel at the inequality of the fitness of things. In good times and bad times they always patronised the mechanical piano in the bar, which discoursed music, more or less sweet, for the penny dropped into the slot.

Of the more important personages, and they were all little gods to themselves, with a conspiracy to praise or denounce all "upstarts" amongst them, as the whim took their marvellous minds, we shall presently speak at large.

"The Man of Means," by the way, was constructed on the old-fashioned plan of hostelry, and the saloon bar was a really comfortable lounge, with easy seats and good attendance, and Charles, the waiter, was equally attentive to the "wasters," to the ready-money payers, and perhaps a shade more polite and familiar to the ladies. But then Bacchus and Falstaff were both gay dogs, and Doll Tearsheet always had her friends. Charles was known as Falstaff because he was as thin as Slender, but slyly genial withal. On crowded nights the place was Babel unchained—on quiet nights, when funds were low and gloominess in consequence reigned supreme, it was like death. But more of these matters anon.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

HOLIDAY HOBBIES.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE AND JOURNALISM.

We have received a letter of complaint, with various documents, from a correspondent who was induced by advertisements to pay twenty guineas to the British School of Commerce and Journalism, 97, New Bond Street, W. We gather from the papers submitted to us that this institution offers to provide private secretaryships, journalistic posts, and other berths, to those in want of them, and who have passed through the school. Our correspondent complains that the promises held out are not fulfilled, but whilst he seems to show that there is considerable exaggeration in what we may call the prospectus statements of the school, his more serious complaints are not made out. Looking over the prospectus, we find statements of the following character:

"The Headmaster of the British School can place at least 500 young ladies and gentlemen in first-class business positions every year.

* * * * *

The number of private secretaryships which have been placed at the disposal of the British School has been very much larger than can be filled. Many excellent positions have been lost for lack of graduates.

* * * * *

The Headmaster has now largely extended his means of securing these splendid posts (private secretaryships), making it certain that many of the very best and most highly-paid secretaryships all over the world will in future be obtained through his introduction. Every pupil who graduates is practically certain of being placed in a splendid position."

These statements carry exaggeration on their face. Perhaps some of our readers will give us their experiences of the school.

HOW WE LIVE.

I.—OUR GREENGROCER.

By. A. C. Menzies.

"You ask me why we don't take your road on the rahnd lately, mister," said Higgins. "Well, it's like this 'ere. Everyone wot lives in thet road (always exceptin' present company) is the rice-and-treacle clawss of customers."

Here he expectorated with much vehemence.

"Yus, yer rice-and-treacle folks is them wot lives on all sorts of mush and puts wot oughter go in their stummuks on their backs; fer instance, take No. 11. She comes to the door togged up in a pink dressin' gahnd and abaht twenty 'Indes' curlers in 'er 'air. You shows 'er the sawmples, she turns 'em all over, awsks the price of everyfink and whether yer 'aves heny sparrer-grawss or awtichokes in the cart. Then she takes an 'apenny lemon and says she'll pay yer Saturday.

"When Saturday comes she lands aht a sovering ('er month's 'ouse-keepin', no daht) fer yer ter take the 'apenny from, and then abuses yer fer not 'aving the change.

"No. 13 is always out since we awsked 'er ter settle up the four and ninepence she owes fer Lord knows when.

"Fifteen, in a green kimono and 'igh-'eeled tootsies, tells yer as how 'er aunt 'ave sent 'er an 'amper of Dunbawrs and apples and not to call any more till she tells yer. Awfter dark she toddles orf wif a string bag and a sailor 'at on 'er 'ead incog. like, and buys any old stuff as she can get cheap at the stalls.

"My nipper met 'er the other evenin' wif 'er net a-bustin' wif stale greens, and he told her as she could 'ave a chawnce at our bin of a mornin' afore the dustmen came rahnd. She weren't 'arf mad, I tells yer.

"Twenty-one were abaht to move, forgettin' in a manner o' speakin' as she owed us three and a tanner fer five months. We 'ad often knocked, but could get no hearin'. Wot does young 'Arry do but put sandwiches in his pockets the mornin' afore 'er leavin' and go straight to 'er door and take up 'is stand.

"Twenty-three were a'sweepin' of 'er steps, so he took the precaution of awskin' 'er were twenty-one in.

"She innercently said as 'ow she 'ad jest seen 'er a-shakin' of 'er mats in the back gawden.

"This were enough fer our 'Arry, so he lets go at the door. As he got no answer, he tried all sorts of knocks from a postman's to a rate collector's. Then 'e dawnced a jig on 'er clean steps and follered it up wif 'Berdelyer.'

"That done no good, so 'e purtended to be talkin' to the neighbours, and told them as 'ow 'e 'ad the day to hisself and were a-goin' ter stay and enjoy hisself. Then 'e thort of 'er a-keepin' pore and honest tradesmen aht of commenced 'is lunch.

"This were absolutely too much for twenty-one a-hidin' behind the wenetians. She bounced to the door in a rage, and threw the money at 'im.

"Young 'Arry got 'is foot in some'ow and told 'er wot 'ethort of 'er a-keepin' pore and honest tradesmen aht of their 'awrd-earned coppers."

As Higgins was still speaking a dirty-looking woman rushed into the shop, with a matchbox and latchkey clutched tightly in her hands.

"Oh, Mr. 'Iggins," she panted, "the County Council 'ave got your 'Arry, and here I'm waitin' for the coal and nothin' ready for my old man."

"There yer are, wot did I tell yer?" grunted Higgins gloomily, "and me a-trustin' of the woman."

A grave-looking man in uniform now came in and said, "Mr. Higgins, I find you have sent out coal to one of your customers seventeen pounds short."

SHAMS.

SOME BUCKET SHOPS.

By Anti-Humbug.

Some of the bucket shop people trade under various aliases. For example, we give below four advertisements, the first inviting the public to write for a book which claims to show "how £1 can be made into £10 in a few days, without work, worry, or trouble." The philanthropic people who offer to perform this good action for the stranger without their gates are known as Messrs. Bearing Bros., 9, Union Court, London, E.C., the name being intended to suggest, we imagine, some association with the world-renowned house of somewhat similar name. Then Messrs. Lee, Baillie, and Nephew, of Basinghall Street, advertise a method by which £15 profit is promised on a £2 10s. deposit. Messrs. Fenton, Dale, and Sons, also of Basinghall Street, are more reserved in their promises. They, too, distribute a book which shows how a small capital can be made into a large one, but they prudently avoid giving particulars in their advertisement; whilst Messrs. Milne, Son, and Hamilton distribute "The Art of Investment," which shows "how, for an outlay of £3 and upwards," striking profits may be made. Here are the advertisements:

£1.—Write for Book, naming this Paper, sent post free, explaining method how £1 can be made into £10 in a few days without work, worry, or trouble.—Bearing Bros., 9, Union Court, London, E.C.

A.A.—The Simplex Method of increasing one's income; a profit of £15 shown on a £2 10s. deposit in 6 days; write for book showing how it is done.—Mention this paper to Lee, Baillie, and Nephew, 41, 42, 43, 44, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

AN easy way to add to your INCOME. Write for thoroughly explained book, post free. Small capital only required to start, and under own control.—Fenton, Dale, and Sons, 65, 66, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

CAPITAL handsomely augmented. Liability limited, profits unlimited.—Write to Milne, Son, and Hamilton, 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for handbook, "The Art of Investment" gratis and post free, shewing how for an outlay of £3 and upwards striking profits may be made.—Telegrams, "Milnilton, London."

All these people belong in reality to one and the same gang, and we do not know which is the more astonishing, the fact that the public continues to be deluded by statements as to profits possible to be earned that ought not to deceive a child, or the apathy of authority, which looks on apparently unconcerned whilst these bucket shop people do their best to defraud the public.

THE KINDNESS OF THE CONDUCTOR.

(Adapted from "Le Sourire.")

BY P.O'T.

The other day I went out shopping. My elbows were pressed against my sides, and my hands stretched out in front. Anyone would have sworn that I was a paralytic.

I managed to scramble on to one of those motor-omnibi which run about the city. The car being full, I stood beside the conductor—a kind man, who evidently sympathised with my sad state.

When he came for his pence, I asked him to be so kind as to take them out of my trouser pocket, which he did with much circumspection.

Presently, I said to him, "Now, I wonder if you would mind doing me a favour. I am absolutely dying for a cigarette, and I can't roll one for myself. Will you look in my right breast pocket and take out a tobacco pouch? You will find some cigarette papers in my waistcoat, I think. That's right. Don't roll it too tight, or I shall taste the nicotine. Now put it into my mouth. Much obliged to you. There is just one more favour. It is no use my having a cigarette unless I can light it. You will find my match-box at the end of my watch-chain."

"There you are, sir," said he, and I thanked him again.

A few minutes later, I began to feel uncomfortable. I had a bad fit of the sniffs. At last I could stand it no longer, so I said to the conductor: "I am very sorry, but I must trespass once more on your good nature."

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Well, you must promise not to get angry with me, or to laugh at my misfortunes."

"Certainly not. I am only too glad to be of use."

"Well, then, will you kindly wipe my nose? I can't do it myself."

"Yes, sir; but the fact is my handkerchief is rather the worse for wear."

"Take mine. It is in the outer pocket of my coat, as you see. Now, please take my cigarette away, for you can't wipe my nose while it is there. That's right. Blow away, but don't pinch my nostrils too hard, or I shan't be able to breathe. Capital! Now I feel quite comfortable. Thank you very much."

Presently the conductor, who had been watching me with an air of distress, came up and whispered in my ear. "How do you manage to get dressed?" he inquired.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I asked how you managed to get dressed."

"Like everybody else, I suppose."

"'M. Well, it doesn't concern me. I'm only glad I'm not in your shoes. But what about eating? How do you do about eating?"

"Quite well thank you. A little soup, some fish, a cutlet, and strawberries. I dote on strawberries."

"Yes, yes. I am not an absolute ass. But what do you eat with?"

"With my mouth. You didn't imagine . . . ?"

He mumbled to himself that I was very cheerful, in spite of my affliction. After a pause his curiosity got the better of him, and he whispered, "Yes, and what about——; you know what I mean?"

"My good man, like everybody else, I assure you."

He pondered for some time, smiling. Then he broke silence. "How long have you been like that?"

"Like what? I really don't know what you mean."

"Then it is from your birth."

"For goodness' sake, WHAT?"

"Your infirmity."

"What infirmity?"

"I suppose you will have your little joke."

"But I am not infirm."

"Then what about your arms?"

"Well, what about my arms, pray?"

"Confound it all, you can't use your arms."

"Confound it all, I'll soon show you if you go on annoying me."

"Well, then, why did you make me roll your cigarette and blow your nose?"

"Oh! now I see! The fact is, when I left home my wife asked me to buy her a box. Just this size. I am keeping my hands out to make sure of the exact size."

The conductor grew purple in the face. At last he said, "You infernal idiot! You silly ass! I suppose you think you're funny . . . ."

"Go on," I said, "say anything you like. It can't be worse than what my wife would say if I brought her back a box of the wrong size."

HOLIDAY HINTS.

A THOUSAND LEAGUES FOR TEN SHILLINGS.

BY IRMA.

Whenever you want to talk of cheap travel you just exclaim "Cook's Tours!" and imagine you have said the last word. This is quite out of date now and *vieux jeu*. Besides, unless you are a helpless, knock-kneed sort of creature you generally like to go on your own. Even if you do get into a few amusing muddles that you will laugh over for years after, it is far greater fun to map out your own route and be delivered from the mercies of a conductor, sometimes dictatorial and always leather-lunged. Far be it from me to utter a word against these most estimable people, still I always rather resent the idea of going about with a keeper. Of course everybody does not want to cut down expenses severely, but to-day I am going to talk to the many people who long to take a little trip abroad (perhaps for the first time) and who fear it is going to be beyond their means. It will cost a good deal less than going to an English pleasure resort.

Suppose you want to spend a week away from home. In that case I should have no hesitation in saying "Go to Belgium." You can get a special ticket from London to Ostend, second class return, for £1 0s. 3d., or third class for 13s. 8d., which will last eight days. This will allow you to spend a day or two at Ostend, where you can get a season ticket over all the railways in Belgium (just under 3,000 miles) for less than 10s. These tickets last five days, but by paying 18s. 10d. you may get them available for a fortnight.

What delightful visions it opens to one of the joys of the Ardennes! You dream of miles and miles of forest, where the pine trees send out the most delicious and health-giving perfume. There you may come across ruined castles of bad barons or charcoal-burners' huts and imagine yourself back in the days of the fairy tales of Grimm or Hans Andersen. Delicious trout streams abound, and the landlord of your inn will gladly procure you a permit to fish. You may hunt for buried treasure in the ancient abbey of Orval, you may gaze at the feudal castle of Godfrey de Bouillon, lord of Jerusalem, or envy the possessors of the lovely old *chateaux* on the banks of the Meuse or the Oesse. Nothing can be more charming in its way than the Meuse between Dinant and Namur. You may spend a whole day going from the one place to the other, and your journey will cost you a shilling. Belgium, more than any other country, caters for the tourist of limited income. In the Ardennes living is particularly cheap, and though you will hardly believe it, there are many comfortable, old-world village inns where they will be glad to take you in and do you well for 3s. 4d. a day.

Of course I cannot pretend that in all the out-of-the-way places you can make them understand English. But it is wonderful how far a few scraps of French and many smiles will go.

If you feel a burst of patriotism you can go all the way from Dover to Waterloo for 12s. 7d. third class and 15s. 7d. second and see the whole battlefield from the great lion-crowned mound. Not far from Waterloo is another charming tract of country known as the Belgian Switzerland. I remember spending a very happy few days there one year early in June. I chose a delightful mediæval village which had once been a walled city. Its name is Thuin, and it sits on the top of a rocky hill, round which are traced the ancient ramparts. On the summit is the Grande Place, a wide square flanked by a dear old belfry. They were very kind to us at the Hotel de l'Europe, and for 4s. 5d. a day they gave me a big bedroom, all my meals, and as much of the refreshing light beer of the country as I could drink. Then the *patisserie*! I shall never forget it.

Perhaps, if you are frivolous and merely want to be amused and bathe, you will never get beyond Ostend or Blankenberghe. Again, if you thirst for the joys of a fashionable watering place you will penetrate as far as Spa, where you will find half the aristocracy of Europe, and see the latest things in fashions.

But if it is great cities, architecture, and pictures you crave for you may spend the happiest of hours in Antwerp, Brussels, Mechlin, Bruges, or Ypres. There is nothing in Europe prettier or quainter than the Petit Béguinage at Ghent. It makes you feel perfectly saintly. Those who love wonders will fly to the grottoes of Hau or the caverns of Rochef—where the stalactites, stalagmites, underground rivers and other marvels, have to be seen to be believed.

BULL'S EYES.

Lord Rosebery's Turpitude won a race last week. It is not the only thing Lord Rosebery's turpitude has ever won.

What is pea-pulling? Lord Northcliffe says you can earn five shillings a day at the pastime.

The "Daily Mirror" leader-writer is one of our best unconscious humorists, and deserves to be read daily. Here is his latest suggestion:—

> "Think of the delight of living in a jolly old farmhouse with half-a-dozen other men, and having another farmhouse near by filled with amiable, athletic young women, ready for all sorts of expeditions and exercise."

Yum! Yum!

The Daily Mail has been giving a prize of £100 for a serial. What magnificent generosity, and what a serial!

The most absurd of recent publications is the *Throne*, chiefly edited by Countesses. No. 1 contained a portrait of the last child kissed by the Queen of Spain before she left England. The *Throne* must be sat upon.

T. P. O. is going to take the (P.O'T.) hat round America in the autumn.

Mr. T. W. Hartebeeste Crosland appropriately begins a sentence in his new book with the words, "Roughly speaking."

In a law case recently a lady was asked if she had threatened a clergyman. She replied, "I wouldn't hurt a hair of his dear head, which is no reflection on him, as he hasn't any." We don't quite know whether it was the hair or the head which was absent; any way, it was a bald statement.

The straightest river in the world is the Lena, which suggests something out of the perpendicular. We should not be surprised to learn that the Behring Straits are bearing round.

A female witness at the Chiswick Police Court, last week, was so stout that she could not enter the witness-box. But after her cross-examination she felt quite small.

The "Star" the other day headed its leader:—

WHAT WE THINK.
UNIVERSAL REPROBATION.

With the £20,000 which he has received as compensation from the S.E.R., Mr. Cyril Maude is going to Avenue Playhouse.

The Souvenir Publishing Syndicate has been registered with a capital divided into 2,000 £1 shares. May these never become painful souvenirs to their purchasers.

The Countess of Dunmore is a creditor on the estate of the absconding solicitor, C. E. Bloomer, for £120. She ought to be thankful that she wasn't dunmore. She did make a Bloomer.

It was stated in the Bloomsbury County Court last week that dentistry is a most lucrative profession. Yet dentists always look "down-in-the-mouth."

A doctor is reported to have left his forceps in the abdomen of a female patient, and it has now been recovered. This reminds one of the German maker of 'celos, who upon having completed an instrument, exclaimed, "By tam, I left de klue-pot inside!"

One of the objections to motor-cars, taken by the Commissioner of Police, is that chauffeurs are, in his opinion, too prone to over-lubricate. We wonder whether he refers to petrol or the fusil variety?

"Anti-Socialist" writes to a contemporary suggesting that a machine connecting with an electric plant should be placed at street corners. After turning the handle for half-an-hour, 3d. should drop out. We can imagine the children getting ready to dance, and ironically inquiring as to the monkey's whereabouts.

Honey is said to be a substitute for cod-liver oil. If a lady ordered a "going-away dress for the cod-liver-oil moon," the modiste would suspect it was a cell.

More encouragement given to gambling by royalty! The Prince and Princess of Wales were at the Comedy Theatre recently while "Raffles" was on.

Mr. Cremer is a pronounced opponent of Woman Suffrage. But then he is an advocate of peace, so that explains it. As he puts it, "It is Cremer versus Screamer."

Ireland has more centenarians than England, France, and Germany combined. A contemporary suggests this is because Irishmen live "a quiet life." Who said "Donnybrook?"

The somewhat stodgy "Reports from the Standing Committee on Trade" have just been enlivened by the announcement that the Committee have discharged Mr. Lane-Fox and appointed Mr. Haddock—presumably in respect of the Agricultural and Fishing sections—respectively. Mr. Duckworth and Mr. Pease are also members of this Committee, but doubtless they pair—at any rate, in the dining-room of the House. Mr. Pease, however, is far from green.

According to the evidence in the Townshend lunacy case, the young Marchioness, upon leaving the church after her marriage, appears to have said that she refused to take her husband's arm, as they were not really husband and wife, but "only friends." Truly, a distinction *with* a difference!

Mr. Adolfe Bullé, Mexican Consul in London, has been specially commissioned by his Government to inspect the consulates of the Republic in Europe, without, however, relinquishing his office in London. That's bullé for Adolfe.

The Rhymney Male Choir has sung "God Save the King" in Welsh before King Edward. We are pleased to say that His Majesty is progressing favourably.

It has been seriously asserted that landowners have not only a claim to everything below the earth, but above it as well. Stop-watches will soon give place to telescopes and step-ladders, when Robert is on the track of the airship exceeding the speed limit.

An American professor has discovered that at 25 a man is worth 5,448 dols., and at 80 his wealth is represented by minus 872 dols. Most of our acquaintances are prematurely old.

The largest anchor on record cost £2,000, and weighed 26,566 lb. Sims Reeves repeatedly told us it had been weighed, but the details have never been published till now.

Every letter sent out from a Mexican post office has a bulletin of what the weather will be stamped upon it. Just imagine being able to depend on the weather for twenty-four hours!

Dead leaves are found to be most successful fertilisers. What a chance for book clubs and lending libraries!

In an article on "Coins Seldom Seen" in a contemporary, the question is asked, "How many of us have ever seen a £5 piece?" For our part, we prefer our fivers in flimsy, for you double it when you pocket it, and find it in creases afterwards.

A draper put up a notice, "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano." His rival, not to be outdone, went one better, "Men's and Women's Sana in Corpore Sano."

It is no uncommon thing in Russia to find smoking carriages set apart for the gentle sex. Here a lady prefers to have her puff in seclusion.

Courtships in Bohemia frequently last for twenty years. The time left for repentance is not long, and what a drain it must be on the old man's gas bills!

The record leap by a horse is 37 feet, but he had a start of four feet.

"A horse in tears" is advertised by the *Animals' Guardian*. We did read somewhere about a learned donkey who was taken that way.

Near Regent's Park is a street named "D Mews." Whether it is in any way associated with poets or cats we don't know, but the name suggests something amusing.

A French nobleman has just returned from a tour of the world on foot. He wins 300,000 francs by his feat.

Sir William Bull, M.P., must be a relation of ours. He tells an interviewer, "I added to our income by engrossing deeds at night. Engrossing has never left me." JOHN goes one better. He can be relied upon for engrossing words by day as well as engrossing deeds by night.

Three years ago we called upon a lady who proudly displayed what she thought was an Aberdeen puppy. We inquired after it the other day, and was told it had grown up into a deer hound.

P O'T. was walking about Hove with an enormous St. Bernard and a tiny Maltese. "Excuse me," said an old lady, "but would you mind telling me if the big dog is the little one's father?"

How to advertise a play in the *Morning Post*: "Will the Lady who became slightly hysterical with laughter in the dress circle of the Apollo Theatre last Wednesday evening communicate, etc." Modern hystery, eh?

Wants to hob-nob with nobs on the nod: "Lady and Gentleman of good position wish to Hob-nob for a few weeks, as visitors, terms to be confidentially arranged, in a country house, high and bracing; shooting not required; good music preferred; no professionals need reply."

The Bishop of St. Asaph says: "Women always get what they want." Perhaps the worthy gentleman has something up his sleeve, but as the women in these Islands are three to two, we are wondering where the necessary men are coming from.

Mrs. Evan Nepean tells us in *P.T.O.*: "If there is one fatal line of conduct that a woman can take, it is that of meekly trailing, nay, panting and stumbling in the rear of a rapidly vanishing mode." Isn't the ladies' New Century language too lovely?

A certain politician once asked us to think imperially. It seems to have escaped the statesman's attention that all we do is governed by "*imperial*" weights and measures already.

As Dr. Emil Reich says: "No wonder women think impossibly." To them *imperial* trading means marking a thing at 6¾, paying 7d., and being imposed upon with a pencil made in Germany for the odd farthing.

"*The Society of the Good Shepherd*" opened a rifle-range for the benefit of the members. We have heard of muscular Christianity before now; it looks bad for the unregenerate wolves, though.

The Channel Squadron is to visit Cromarty Firth in August. In certain quarters it is understood that the men won't grouse, but that the officers will.

The Secretary of the River Conservancy informs us that he will issue day tickets during "the coming summer." It's rather warm weather we are having this winter.

The fast excursion train to the Kent coast was brought to a standstill at Sittingbourne by a passenger becoming ill, and pulling the communication cord. That passenger must be a *very* bad traveller.

The two British naval officers who took out the two Castle Liners purchased by Turkey are joining the Imperial Ottoman Navy. It is rumoured, after sampling the Porte, that the officers were heard remarking that "Though the fellow is a bit of a harem-scarem, after all, he is the *Bosphorus*."

The chief witness in a divorce case was thus described:—"A tall, handsome brunette, wearing a large black hat, with a white, fancy blouse, and a bunch of roses." Nothing else is mentioned, but no doubt she also wore a worried look.

Captain Bacon has been appointed to command the "Dreadnought," the largest batteship afloat. It's all gammon to think that Bacon was selected because he was a rasher captain than any other.

Richard Wilchard appeared in the Brighton Police Court charged, amongst other things, with having concealed £4,600 worth of London County Council Stock in his wife's corsets. Richard took much stock in the bosom of his family. Pity 'tis it couldn't "stay" there.

Some Hungarian boys, anxious to pass their examination, broke into the examiner's house to steal the papers. This pursuit of learning was too much for the professor, and the shock killed him. They went through another kind of examination shortly after, and received a large number of marks—with a birch.

An inquest was held at Clerkenwell lately on a woman who committed suicide through drink. A contemporary said the verdict was "Supicide," which seems appropriate enough.

Naval Volunteers are ordered to wear their beards cut "torpedo fashion." This barbarous tale had better be told to the sub-marines.

Arabs change their name when a son is born to them. Something of the same kind happens here, for "Jack, dear," before the arrival of the little stranger becomes "Here, Hugh," afterwards.

A lady named Tigue died lately in Indiana aged 107. A few days before she died she danced an Irish jig. It was the rhyme that did it. Fortunately for the moral atmosphere of Indiana, her name does not suggest the can-can.

In Belgium cock-crowing competitions are very popular. The winner is a bird which has crowed oftener than the others in a certain time. We suppose the eggs from the crow's nest are given as prizes—that ought to be en-œuf.

In Japan a tree is planted when a child is born, and it is cut down on his or her marriage-day, and made into furniture. This is much better than the hire-system, although that is sometimes suggestive of oaks.

You Cannot Afford TO BE ILL.

You cannot afford to neglect your health. To be run down is to be outclassed in the struggle for existence. Digestion is the supreme function of life, the process on which, not only your health, but your very existence depends. Mother Seigel's Syrup acts directly and at once on stomach, liver and bowels, and by restoring them to natural action enables you to digest your food. Your system is thus nourished, and sound health follows . . .

ILL HEALTH HAS RUINED MANY BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Writing on April 10, 1906, Mr. C. J. Matthews, of Creeper Cottage, Bradenstoke, Wilts, says:—

"I first began to feel out of sorts about four years ago. I felt sleepy and dull, and after a time began to have pains at the stomach, and wind. I was also terribly constipated. I could not eat, sleep or work, and became very thin and weak.

"At last I used Mother Seigel's Syrup, and with the third bottle I started work again. I am now as strong as before the illness, and don't think I was ever in better health" . . . . . .

TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

A. P. (Bradford) forwards a copy of JOHN BULL every week to his son in Canada, and sends us some amusing reports of local Police Court cases—with which we may deal in another column.

DAVID (Exeter) tells us how, since answering an innocent-looking advertisement, he has been inundated with circulars, all in the same language, from a little band of outside brokers, with whom we shall deal in another column. He enjoys his JOHN BULL. Who does not?

A. P. L. J. (Hampstead) complains of the spying and blackmailing on Hampstead Heath at night. He should carry a nice nobbly stick with him next time he takes a lady for a walk.

J. F. (Darlington) sends particulars of a very scandalous case. Being out of work and unable to afford a new pair of shoes for his eight-year-old child, and the weather being wet, the little one was not sent to school. Thereupon the father was sent to Durham Prison for seven days, and was actually subjected to the indignity of having his hair cropped—just as though he were a felon. Mr. Pike Pease, M.P., appears to have made some inquiry into the matter, but in the end allowed it to be hushed up. Scandal enough, surely, that a man should be sent to gaol in such circumstances. J. F. has our sincere sympathy.

C. R. (Highgate) thinks it unfair that the public should be saddled with the expense of inspection of food, whilst the foreigner is free to send in what he likes. "Time will prove if Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are right or not," says C. R. Perhaps he will tell us how Tariff Reform will add to the purity of either foreign or home food?

J. B. (Cardiff) writes in reference to our recent paragraph about the Rontgen Rays and grey hair, warning us that the application of these rays to the scalp is also calculated to make the hair fall out. We will accept his assurance on the point.

A. M. (Sheffield) tells us that in the Corporation cars there there is a notice that four passengers may stand in a double-decked, and six in a single-decked car, and somewhat pertinently asks, "What about the private 'bus owner who permits overcrowding?"

C. D. (Cardiff) is disposed to endorse Jim Crow's views of both the French and Germans, and says some very complimentary things about what he considers to be the galaxy of talent connected with our journal.

H. L. (Tollington Park).—Windus and Co., Hamburg. Have nothing to do with these people.

G. I. (Belfast) asks whether JOHN BULL has really "caught on." We have much pleasure in referring him to any newsagent or bookstall.

M. W. (Thornaby-on-Tees) tels us that, having written to Vi-Cocoa for one of their samples, he subsequently received a communication from the British Watch Company informing him that he was one of their "fortunate" prize winners, although he had never entered any competition, and they enclosed his own writing, cut from the Vi-Cocoa post-card. He naturally asks what connection there is between the British Watch Company and Vi-Cocoa. Perhaps Vi-Cocoa will supply the information?

E. J. S. (Maidstone) enjoys JOHN BULL more than all the other weeklies put together, and is glad it requires no prize or puzzle schemes to "keep it going." He makes a suggestion that we should publish the names of absconding debtors who are wanted by their creditors. We will think the matter over, but our space is limited.

F. D. F. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) asks "Is 'The Commoner,' the writer who used to contribute the racy notes in the now extinct *New Weekly?*" We think he is. He further asks what is our circulation. We should be happy to tell him—but we do not wish to make our contemporaries jealous.

L. G. T. (Peckham) writes us an amusing letter of appreciation, and sends us some "useful definitions," from which we extract the following:—"Love is that part of courtship which remains after the presents have been deducted, but which vanishes at the approach of the mother-in-law. This disease—heart disease—takes its most acute form on moonlight nights—hence the necessity for the Master in Lunacy." L. G. T. evidently knows something about it.

H. H. (St. Margaret's Bay) says that, travelling by the 5 p.m. Folkestone express from Victoria last week, none of the refreshment boys were at the stations with their baskets. Perhaps Messrs. Lyons will look into the matter.

A. F. (Camden Town) pays us a great compliment. He considers JOHN BULL "the working man's *Truth*," and does all he can to make it known amongst his fellow working men. We can do with a few more of such good friends.

A. J. J. (Deptford) directs our attention to a contradiction of Jim Crow, by B. Franklin, jun., as to German food. Jim Crow, in his article on "The Gentle German," spoke of the people being "reduced to devouring asses' flesh and many varieties of garbage"; whilst B. Franklin, jun., in his article on "Prison Treatment," praises the food given to German convicts, and incidentally mentions that, "the cost of living in Germany is hardly half what it is in England." We think the contradiction more apparent than real. Relatively, the inmates of German prisons are undoubtedly better fed than English convicts—that is to say, their food more nearly approximates to their normal diet. On the other hand, food in Germany is undoubtedly of the cheap order—horseflesh constituting a very large element in it, and wages being low and hours long.

P. W. B. (Shrewsbury) detects a slip in Herbert Vivian's address to Keir Hardie, in which that versatile contributor speaks of the House of Commons as having taken "as little heed of Mr. Hardie's cap as he did of the swollen head beneath which it rested." We are glad to think our readers scan our pages so carefully.

A. W. (Bolton, Lancs.) tells how Davis and Co. tried to catch him over one of their gold chain advertisements. Fortunately he escaped.

R. S. M. (Salisbury), as many other readers have done, calls our attention to the advertisements in the *Weekly Telegraph* of the "Fifteen Puzzle" Solution. It certainly has a very fraudulent appearance.

G. F. H. M. (Cricklewood) tells us how he applied for a small loan to F. North and Co., of Ludgate Hill, and, after supplying them with all particulars, sureties, etc., a man called to inspect the receipts of furniture, which were duly produced to him, and, on leaving the house, said, "We will let you have the money in a few days, but you must first pay an inquiry fee of 3s." The fee was paid at 5.30 in the evening, and by first post in the morning he received a communication stating the loan had been declined. We will make inquiries about F. North and Co.

E. B. (Tredegar) says that he and some of his friends have been taken in by advertisements of "talking parrots." Doubtless he will in future act upon the maxim, "Once bit, etc."

G. L. E. (Piccadilly) asks why, inasmuch as the Chancellor of the Exchequer claims Income Tax on money won by betting, he allows no rebate in respect of betting losses. G. L. E. should not include betting gains in making his return. Once there, he has no escape from the clutches of the Exchequer.

E. M. (Birkenhead) tells us that he gave readings from JOHN BULL on board the good ship "St. Tudno," on the trip round the Island of Anglesey, on Thursday, July 26th. He says the extracts were much appreciated, and a large number of passengers expressed their intention of becoming regular readers. E. M. is a brick.

Our good friend, Joseph Bannister, of Brondesbury, says the late Mr. Beit is probably the first Jew millionaire in England who has died and left a million, and he thinks the explanation of this fact is, that Mr. Beit was not a close friend of certain exalted personages, and that he was not in the habit of bribing Radical editors and politicians, opposed to the Aliens Act. Mr. Bannister also favours us with his views on the betting question, and a variety of other subjects. His letters are always interesting.

C. J. C. (Plymouth) takes our recent jocular reference to the items in the Solicitors' Bill for telling the time, somewhat too seriously. He also calls our attention to a slip by which we speak in a recent issue of *momento* instead of *memento*—an error into which he thinks Marie Corelli falls in one of her books. We are always pleased to have our attention called to these things.

RIP (Southfields) tells us that in answer to the advertisement of Warner-Oliver, "Hair Dr.," he sent a guinea and received in return three bottles, the first containing glycerine, the second a solution of soap, and the third scented water—with copious instructions for their use. He cannot understand how *T. P.'s Weekly* came to publish a full-page article in praise of this concoction. We think we can.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in? Or will you send me the names and addresses of a few friends to whom I may send specimen copies?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

The "Tote."

The worst of the totalisator—or the "tote" as it is called—is that a backer never knows how much he has won, needing to wait some ten minutes after knowing the winner to realise what his gains have been. As a rule, a backer here has calculated long before the start how much he will be in pocket if his fancy comes off.

A H'nt.

The Stock Exchange have a rule that their members are not permitted to advertise, and now and again an official notification of such is made public. If the leading betting clubs would combine and give some such public intimation, it would kill all the wrong-doers among starting price bookmakers.

A Poor Lewes.

A very weak ending to the Sussex Fortnight indeed, for the chief handicap each day gained a poor entry and lamentable acceptance. They seem "benefits" respectively for TWELVEBORE and KING DUNCAN. At Haydock Park on the Saturday, KOLO is reasonably "good."

B:hind the Colonies.

Those who are accustomed to racing in other countries and pay a visit here are very rightly staggered to find that, although charged £1 for entrance to Tattersall's for the EXPRESS purpose of betting at race meetings, they are given no protection whatever as to the solvency or honesty of those allowed to stand up and bet in that enclosure. For what other object really are the heavy charges, whilst they contend that what is nothing more than aiding and abetting open robbery would not be tolerated in any other country. Nor would a refusal to recognise and regulate betting.

Goodwood.

A meeting without parallel in many senses, for the "glorious Goodwood" of generations has to be accepted for what it is. Much more to anticipate than realise, it would still be heresy to attempt to belittle what prestige claims so highly, and what society regards as its al-fresco picnic gathering which marks the close of the first half of the racing season and the end of the foregathering of the "classes" in London. Last week's anniversary was, it can hardly be gainsaid, a somewhat minimised success on the sporting side. True, it had its certain few sensations, and was upheld slightly by the appearance under colours of certain cracks of their various generations, but, in the main, the sport was tame for what we have been led to expect at Goodwood, and after the continual, now proverbial, cry of perfect going, it seems extraordinary that horses of necessity shirked their engagements after arrival by reason of the hard ground. The attendance, particularly on the social side, was quite in keeping with previous anniversaries, and with the presence of our greatest sportsman, his Majesty, although the Royal colours were not carried.

Diamond Jubilees.

Diamond Jubilee, appropriately named, and one of the most welcomed horses of his time, seeing that he won our King the "classic" races, has just been well sold to the Argentine Republic, than which country none other is investing more largely in thoroughbred breeding stock. At home, here, Diamond Jubilee has unmistakably not been a very great stud success; in fact his progeny have a bad name for cowardice and savagery, which was doubtless inherited—judged by the vagaries of the sire himself—especially during his two-year-old career. One of the latest to emphasise this is Adamas, who narrowly won the Imberhorne Handicap at Lingfield recently, after a most erratic exhibition, and due solely to the resources of little Heckford, who, finding that driving Adamas was no good, sat still and allowed him to run his own race. Not at all a bad looking little horse (which is no wonder, seeing that he is from Lady Sneerwell), Adamas is a brute to ride, and more especially what is termed a "dog" in the stable. His trainer acquired him with such reputation, which has been more than upheld, and as a fact he has never been able, owing to the danger attendant upon it, to feel the horse's legs. Owing to having ridden him in two or three gallops—and had need to "hide" him—Adamas will not allow his owner-trainer, Sam Loates, to go near him, in fact, the only one that he will permit in his box at all is the head lad, who feeds him. The horse "goes for" anyone who enters, is vicious with his teeth, and is as adept at kicking with his feet as with his heels.

Stage and Sport.

Sport and the stage have always been very strongly allied, just as the Service (more particularly the military) is one of the mainstays of steeplechasing, as it was its origin. Nothing advertises a man more throughout Great Britain than having his colours carried by racehorses, and everything is so mundane nowadays that nothing could possibly popularise an owner more than winning races, especially the signal events of a racing season.

Certainly the best known, and for some years staunch supporter of the turf is Mr. George Edwardes, whose turquoise and white chevrons (known as the Gaiety colours) have been carried by many a useful horse, although at the moment somewhat under a cloud of ill-luck. Santoi is, perhaps, the best animal that has ever worn the jacket, apropos of which it is pleasing to be able to say that his yearlings and foals are now infinitely better than those of his first season, when, prior to standing in Ireland, he really had no chance of transmitting to his stock his own racing ability. As usual with all owners, Mr. George Edwardes merely began dabbling with a racehorse or two in a modest way, to find that it gradually launched him into possessing an extensive racing stable, and finally led to the promotion of his own breeding stud in Ireland, and the ownership of sires, mares, etc., etc.

That in the long run it has not paid him financially there can be no gainsaying, and more recently a retrogressive step has been taken, for a long-drawn-out spell of execrable luck would lighten the pocket and break the heart of the stoutest sportsman. It has always been significant that Mr. Edwardes' greatest good luck invariably came on a Saturday, in fact, with little backers it became the practice to support whatever "Mr. George" or Major Edwardes ran on the last day in the week.

The Jersey Lily.

At times, more especially for a brief period, lady owners associated with the stage have been connected actively with racing as racehorse owners. But ladies are proverbially bad losers, and can withstand a run of adverse fortune much less than a man, for they invariably quickly renounce the sport in disgust, and having regard to the small number relatively who register their colours, there is always a remarkable average of feminine racehorse owners who figure in the Calendar's "Forfeit List" for entries, etc. A very marked exception is Mrs. Langtry, who, as all the world knows, races as "Mr. Jersey," and therefore the various guineas in registration fees for the assumed name, both on the flat and at jumping, might well be saved annually. It is some years back since "Mr. Jersey" won the Cesarewitch and afterwards the Ascot Gold Cup with Merman, but the popular lady owner has certainly possessed several good horses, with a partiality for Australian bred ones. Probably the best that she ever imported in Aurum II. was never properly trained here. "Mr. Jersey" was racing some years prior to Mr. Geo. Edwardes, and has therefore been for a longer period a staunch advocate of that wonderful

nondescript association, yclept "The Turf," which in fiction and in fact levels all. Miss Clinton, a more recent comer in the racing sphere, practically had the desire, in unison with the horses and the colours, willed to her by the late Prince Soltykoff, the pink and black cap having the luck to gain handicaps at Windsor and Newbury last week upon Ninias. Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Sleath-Skelton (who once owned Thunderbolt), and other important personages from time to time have owned a horse or two.

"Mr. Popple."

A more recent comer upon an immediately extended scale is Mr. G. P. Huntley, the famous comedian. "G. P.," it may be said, has only really been keen upon racing for some three or four years, since when it has always been his hankering to run a horse. He began very modestly this spring with a steeplechaser, and at once experienced what is termed "novices' luck," Thurifer, his partnership horse with Hallick the trainer, immediately winning. Then, at perhaps its fullest value, he bought Australasia, who scored within two hours at Gatwick, and from these minor successes, which were repeated, went in for flat racing. The claret and apple green sleeves (adopted with a view of giving the bookmakers a "stomach ache") have been remarkably successful upon the three or four admittedly moderate animals. I hope, in fact all who know him will hope, rather doubtfully, however, that Huntley's luck may last, for he is one of the best; but owning horses invariably leads one on into gradually heavier betting, and into possessing and acting upon prejudices created through the collateral form, with one's own gee-gees as the standpoint.

Oifleite's Rwner.

These remarks suggested themselves to me by the successes these last few days of the horses of almost all those named, but more particularly that of Mr. "Billy" Dawes; although by the mere announcement on the card that Rifleite belonged to Mr. W. Dawes suggested to very few indeed that the owner of the rose and white cap was one of Mr. George Edwardes' aide-de-camps—the present-time manager of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The lucky man of the moment to pick up Windsor's biggest stake has done sensibly, viz., he has begun very modestly with only two horses and without any flourish of trumpets. Moreover, he does not launch out in speculation, and, above all, has gone to a small "working" trainer like Marnes, who is bound to do considerably better than some of those who have more horses than brains, or a number which they cannot even possibly know by sight, much less, as is necessary, learn every peculiarity and need.

English "Freedom."

Few sportsmen trouble much about politics, the majority being content to rest lethargic and not dabble with matters which are a world in themselves, and need knowing. It is said that a war makes Imperialists of us all, so that, as a blessing in disguise, probably the attempts which the Episcopal authorities are making upon English sport and freedom may cause us, one and all, to realise the power that lies in our own hands if we would only combine, utilise it, and show our authority at the polls. There has certainly never been, within the memory of the present generation, such a diabolical attack upon a certain sect as the "Betting Bill," which even the present Government are attempting to father and adopt. As a piece of priest-ridden tyranny it is unequalled, but whatever the character one ascribes to it, will not alter the very apparent fact that the Churches, who know nothing of their subject or the needs of those associated with racing and betting, are determined to satisfy the fads of their leader, Lord Davey, and foist upon a vast number of law-abiding English folk their tainted, narrow-minded notions of what should not be. The majority of those who spoke in its favour in the House of Commons last week, in addition to many who naturally denounce racing and betting from the pulpit—is this a proper view-point?—desire no fair conflict as to the facts in the light of day.

They have prejudiced minds with but one idea—they desire no discussion, will not recognise or regulate, but must abolish. The mockery as to their honesty is palpable to anyone who, without bias on either side, reads the proposed enactment or, as I hope everyone interested in sport did, the discussion which took place over it in the House of Commons last week. It is a well-planned, desperate attack from the bitter enemies of sport—utterly ignorant of their subject, but who, to satisfy their Nonconformist conscience (which is our curse) would stick at nothing to abolish honest sport, harping alone on exaggerated extraneous matters which the law itself really creates and fosters. Those who are able to express opinions upon what should be done from experience are cried down. I shall deal very fully with this matter in next week's issue, but the necessity of going to press unusually early, owing to the holidays intervening, makes it impossible to do adequate justice hurriedly to this most important subject. It would, further, hardly be good taste to allude in these columns to the valiant work done and attempted by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, not alone as a sportsman, but in defence of the numerous "little" men who are so unfairly attacked by this "class" measure, and who cannot defend themselves. Clearly the laws of the Church stultify themselves when evading their doctrine to "love your neighbour," for its preachers clearly only study themselves and their bigoted ideas, irrespective of what harm may come to thousands of others. They dare not touch those whose being roused may cause harm to recoil upon their own heads. Fancy England a supposedly "free" country, and two distinct laws allowed. The crime in the eyes of the Bishops is, obviously, to be poor—to have to bet in cash in shillings, without harm to yourself or anyone, in lieu of reckless, damaging speculation on credit, which works all the harm.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Fleeced.—On no account deal with the firm mentioned. They are "dead wrong."

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Oyez! In view of the Long Vacation, Mr. Justice Bull will try no more prisoners until the Autumn Assize. Due notice of time and place will be given, so that all jurymen and witnesses may attend, or else they will forfeit one hundred pounds apiece.

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Extract from the King's Speech on "Rural Depopulation."

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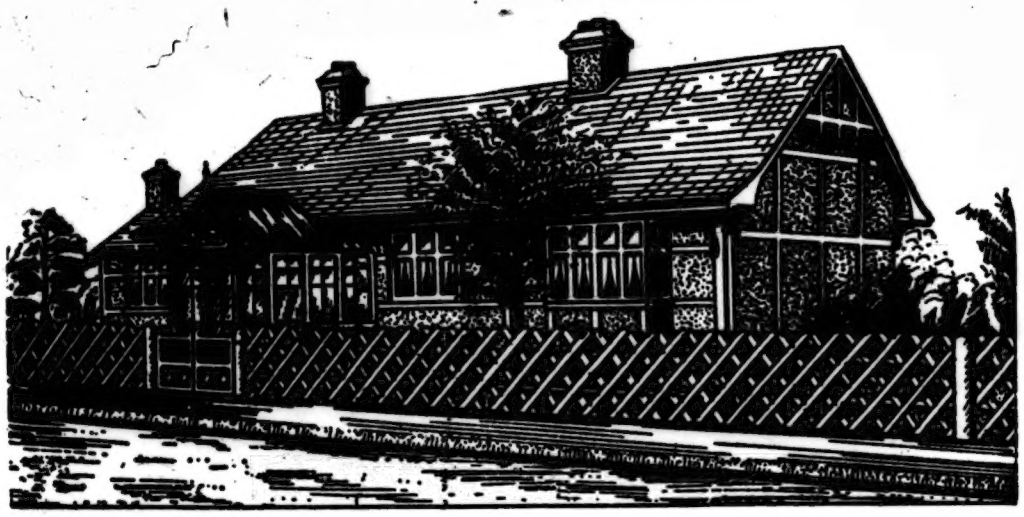

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